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VOLUME THE SEVENTY-FIRST.

CONTAINING THE THIRD VOLUME OF

STERNE'S WORKS.

1813.

THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE,

IN SIX VOLUMES;

CONTAINING

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.....A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY..... SERMONS.....LETTERS, &c.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOLUME III.

NEW YORK:
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1813.

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A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

——They order, said I, this matter better in France.—

——You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me, with the most civil triumph in the world.——Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, that one-and-twenty miles sailing, for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights:—I'll look into them: so giving up the argument,—I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches;—"the coat "I have on," said I, looking at the sleeve, "will do,"—took a place in the Dover stage; and, the packet sailing at nine the next morning,—by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a frickaseed chicken, so incontestibly in France, that, had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the * *droits d'aubaine;*

* All the effects of strangers (Swiss and Scots excepted) dying in France are seized, by virtue of this law, though the heir be upon the spot;—*the profit of these* contingencies being farmed, there is *no redress.*

—my shirts, and black pair of silk breeches,—portmanteau and all, must have gone to the king of France;—even the little picture which I have so long worn, and so often have told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck!—Ungenerous! to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckoned to their coast!—By heaven! sire, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me 'tis the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renowned for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with!——

But I have scarce set a foot in your dominions——

CALAIS.

When I had finish'd my dinner, and drank the king of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper,—I rose up an inch taller for the accommodation.

——No, said I, the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be misled, like other people; but there is a mildness in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a suffusion of a finer kind upon my cheek, more warm and friendly to man than what Burgundy (at least of two livres a bottle, which was such as I had been drinking) could have produced.

——Just God! said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us fall out so cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purse, and, holding it airily and uncompress'd, looks round him, as if he sought for an object to share it with.—In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame dilate,—the arteries beat all cheerly together, and every power which sustained life performed it with so little friction, that 'twould have confounded the most *physical precieuse* in France: with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine.

I'm confident, said I to myself, I should have overset her creed.

The accession of that idea carried nature, at that time, as high as she could go;—I was at peace with the world before, and this finish'd the treaty with myself.

—Now, was I a king of France, cried I, what a moment for an orphan to have begg'd his father's portmanteau of me!

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I HAD scarce uttered the words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room, to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies, —or one man may be generous, as another man is puissant;—*sed non quoad hanc*,—or be it as it may, —for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours, they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence

the tides themselves;—'twould oft be no discredit to us to suppose it was so: I'm sure, at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied to have it said by the world—"I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame," than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

—But be this as it may,—the moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sous; and, accordingly, I put my purse into my pocket, button'd it up, set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him. There was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scatter'd white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy;—but, from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty:—truth might lie between,—he was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted,—mild, pale, penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth;—it look'd forwards, but look'd as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above,

who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders; best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin, and, had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure,—but it was the attitude of intreaty; and, as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order;—and did it with so simple a grace,—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure, I was bewitch'd not to have been struck with it.—

—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

——'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address;—'tis very true,—and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world! the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient

for many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunick:—I felt the full force of the appeal;—I acknowledge it, said I:—a coarse habit; and that but once in three years, with meagre diet; —are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm!—the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate.——The monk made me a bow.——But of all others, resum'd I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore.——The monk gave a cordial wave with his head,—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent.——But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunick, in return for his appeal,—we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour —and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectick of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not

tarry:—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he shewed none:—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door. —Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times,—but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination: I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language.—I considered his grey hairs:—his courteous figure seem'd to re-enter and gently ask me what injury he had done me?—and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate.—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

When a man is discontented with himself, it has one advantage, however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now, there being no travelling through France and Italy

without a chaise,—and nature generally promptin
us to the thing we are fittest for, I walk'd out int
the coach-yard to buy or hire something of that kin
to my purpose: an old * *desobligeant*, in the furthes
corner of the court, hit my fancy at first sight; so
instantly got into it, and, finding it in tolerable har
mony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to cal
Monsieur Dessein, the master of the hotel;—bu
Monsieur Dessein being gone to vespers, and no
caring to face the Franciscan, whom I saw on th
opposite side of the court, in conference with a lad
just arrived at the inn,—I drew the taffeta-curtai
betwixt us, and, being determined to write my jou
ney, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the pre
face to it in the *desobligeant*.

PREFACE.

IN THE DESOBLIGEANT.

It must have been observed by many a peripa
tetick philosopher, that nature has set up, by he
own unquestionable authority, certain boundarie
and fences to circumscribe the discontent of man
she has effected her purpose in the quietest an
easiest manner, by laying him under almost unsu
perable obligations to work out his ease, and to su
tain his sufferings at home. It is there only that sh
has provided him with the most suitable objects t
partake of his happiness, and bear a part of that bu
den which, in all countries and ages, has ever bee
too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'Tis true, w

* A chaise so called in France, from its holding but one person.

are endued with an imperfect power of spreading our happiness sometimes beyond *her* limits; but 'tis so ordered, that, from the want of languages, connections, and dependences, and, from the difference in educations, customs, and habits, we lie under so many impediments in communicating our sensations out of our own sphere, as often amount to a total impossibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of sentimental commerce is always against the expatriated adventurer: he must buy, what he has little occasion for, at their own price:—his conversation will seldom be taken in exchange for theirs without a large discount,—and this, by the bye, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers, for such conversation as he can find, it requires no great spirit of divination to guess at his party.

This brings me to my point, and naturally leads me (if the see-saw of this *desobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient as well as final causes of travelling.

Your idle people that leave their native country, and go abroad for some reason or reasons which may be derived from one of these general causes:——

Infirmity of body,
Imbecility of mind, or
Inevitable necessity.

The two first include all those who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curiosity, vanity, or spleen, subdivided and combined *in infinitum*.

The third class includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more especially those travellers

who set out upon their travels, with the benefit (the clergy, either as delinquents, travelling unde the direction of governors recommended by the ma gistrate;—or young gentlemen, transported by th cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling un der the direction of governors recommended by Ox ford, Aberdeen, and Glasgow.

There is a fourth class, but their number is s small, that they would deserve a distinction, were not necessary, in a work of this nature, to observ the greatest precision and nicety, to avoid a confu sion of character: and these men I speak of, ar such as cross the seas and sojourn in a land of strang ers, with a view of saving money for various reason and upon various pretences; but, as they might als save themselves and others a great deal of unnece sary trouble by saving their money at home,—and as their reasons for travelling are the least comple of any other species of emigrants, I shall distinguis these gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus, the whole circle of travellers may be re duced to the following heads:—

Idle travellers,
Inquisitive travellers,
Lying travellers,
Proud travellers,
Vain travellers,
Splenetick travellers;

then follow

The travellers of necessity,
The delinquent and felonious traveller,
The unfortunate and innocent traveller,
The simple traveller,

And last of all (if you please) The sentimental traveller (meaning thereby myself) who have travell'd, and of which I am now sitting down to give an account,—as much out of *necessity* and the *besoin de voyager*, as any one in the class.

I am well aware, at the same time, as both my travels and observations will be altogether of a different cast from any of my forerunners, that I might have insisted upon a whole niche entirely to myself;—but I should break in upon the confines of the *vain* traveller, in wishing to draw attention towards me, till I have some better grounds for it than the mere *novelty of my vehicle*. It is sufficient for my reader, if he has been a traveller himself, that with study and reflection hereupon, he may be able to determine his own place, and rank in the catalogue;—it will be one step towards knowing himself, as it is great odds but he retains some tincture and resemblance of what he imbibed or carried out, to the present hour.

The man who first transplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (observe he was a Dutchman) never dreamt of drinking the same wine at the Cape that the same grape produced upon the French mountains,—he was too phlegmatick for that;—but, undoubtedly, he expected to drink some sort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent,—he knew enough of this world to know that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his success: however, he hoped for the best; and in these hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his discretion, *Mynheer* might possibly overset both in his new

vineyard; and, by discovering his nakedness, b
come a laughing-stock to his people.

Even so it fares with the poor traveller, sailin
and posting through the politer kingdoms of t
globe, in pursuit of knowledge and improvement

Knowledge and improvements are to be got b
sailing and posting for that purpose; but wheth
useful knowledge and real improvements is all
lottery;—and, even where the adventurer is succes
ful, the acquired stock must be used with cauti
and sobriety, to turn to any profit:—but, as the chan
es run prodigiously the other way, both as to the a
quisition and application, I am of opinion, that a m
would act as wisely, if he could prevail upon hi
self to live contented without foreign knowledge
foreign improvements, especially if he lives in
country that has no absolute want of either;—an
indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many
time cost me, when I have observed how many
foul step the inquisitive traveller has measured
see sights and look into discoveries, all which,
Sancho Pança said to Don Quixote, they might ha
seen dry-shod at home. It is an age so full of lig
that there is scarce a country or corner of Euro
whose beams are not crossed and interchanged wi
others.—Knowledge, in most of its branches, and
most affairs, is like musick in an Italian street, whe
of those may partake who pay nothing.—But the
is no nation under heaven,—and God is my reco
(before whose tribunal I must one day come a
give an account of this work)—that I do not spe
it vauntingly,—but there is no nation under heav
abounding with more variety of learning,—wh
the sciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more su

ly won, than here,—where art is encouraged, and will soon rise high,—where nature (take her altogether) has so little to answer for,—and, to close all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with :—where then, my dear countrymen, are you going ?—

——We are only looking at this chaise, said they. ——Your most obedient servant, said I, skipping out of it, and pulling off my hat.——We were wondering, said one of them, who, I found, was an *inquisitive traveller*,—what could occasion its motion.—— 'Twas the agitation, said I coolly, of writing a preface.——I never heard, said the other, who was a *simple traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *desobligeant*. ——It would have been better, said I, in a *vis-à-vis*.

As an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen, I retired to my room.

CALAIS.

I PERCEIVED that something darken'd the passage more than myself, as I stepp'd along it to my room; it was effectually Mons. Dessein, the master of the hotel, who had just returned from vespers, and, with his hat under his arm, was most complaisantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myself pretty well out of conceit with the *desobligeant*; and Mons. Dessein speaking of it with a shrug, as if it would no way suit me, it immediately struck my fancy that it belong'd to some *innocent traveller*, who, on his return home, had left it to Mons. Dessein's honour to make the most of. Four months had elapsed since it had finished its career of Europe in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-

yard: and having sallied out from thence but pampt-up business at the first, though it had bee twice taken to pieces on mount Sennis, it had no profited much by its adventures,—but by none s little as the standing so many months unpitied in th corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard. Much, in deed, was not to be said for it,—but somethin might,—and, when a few words will rescue miser out of her distress, I hate the man who can be churl of them.

—Now, was I the master of this hotel, said I, lay ing the point of my fore-finger on Mons. Dessein' breast, I would inevitably make a point of gettin rid of this unfortunate *desobligeant*;—it stand swinging reproaches at you every time you pas by it.

Mon Dieu! said Mons. Dessein,—I have no inter est.——Except the interest, said I, which men of certain turn of mind take, Mons. Dessein, in thei own sensations,—I'm persuaded, to a man who feel for others as well as for himself, every rainy night disguise it as you will, must cast a damp upon you spirits. You suffer, Mons. Dessein, as much as th machine.

I have always observed, when there is as muc *sour* as *sweet* in a compliment, that an Englishma is eternally at a loss within himself whether to tak it or let it alone; a Frenchman never is; Mons. Des sein made me a bow.

C'est bien vrai, said he.—But, in this case, I should only exchange one disquietude for another, and with loss. Figure to yourself, my dear sir, that in giving you a chaise which would fall to pieces before you *had got half* way to Paris,—figure to yourself how

much I should suffer, in giving an ill impression of myself to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I must do, *d'un homme d'esprit.*

The dose was made up exactly after my own prescription; so I could not help taking it,—and returning Mons. Dessein his bow, without more casuistry we walk'd together towards his remise, to take a view of his magazine of chaises.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

It must needs be a hostile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a sorry post-chaise) cannot go forth with the seller thereof into the street, to terminate the difference betwixt them, but he instantly falls into the same frame of mind, and views his conventionist with the same sort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde Park corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor swordsman, and no way a match for Mons. Dessein, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me, to which the situation is incident;—I looked at Monsieur Dessein through and through,—eyed him as he walk'd along in profile,—then *en face*;—thought he looked like a Jew,—then a Turk,—disliked his wig,—cursed him by my gods,—wished him at the devil!

—And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four louis d'ors, which is the most I can be overreached in?—base passion! *said I, turning myself* about, as a man naturally

does upon a sudden reverse of sentiment,—base un gentle passion ! thy hand is against every man, an every man's hand against thee.——Heaven forbid said she, raising her hand up to her forehead, for had turned full in front upon the lady whom I ha seen in conference with the monk :—she had follow ed us unperceived.——Heaven forbid, indeed ! sai I, offering her my own ;—she had a black pair o silk gloves, open only at the thumb and two forefin gers, so accepted it without reserve,—and I led he up to the door of the remise.

Monsieur Dessein had *diabled* the key above fift times, before he found out he had come with a wron one in his hand : we were as impatient as himself t have it open'd ; and so attentive to the obstacle, tha I continued holding her hand almost without know ing it : so that Mons. Dessein left us together, wit her hand in mine, and with our faces turned toward the door of the remise, and said he would be bac in five minutes.

Now, a colloquy of five minutes, in such a situation is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turne towards the street. In the latter case, 'tis draw from the objects and occurrences without ;—whe your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank,—you dra purely from yourselves. A silence of a single mo ment, upon Mons. Dessein's leaving us, had bee fatal to the situation,—she had infallibly turne about ;—so I began the conversation instantly.

—But what were the temptations (as I write no to apologize for the weaknesses of my heart in thi tour,—but to give an account of them)—shall be de scribed with the same simplicity with which I fel *them.*

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

When I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *desobligeant*, because I saw the monk in close conference with a lady just arrived at the inn, I told him the truth,—but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much restrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suspicion crossed my brain, and said, he was telling her what had passed: something jarred upon it within me,—I wished him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the understanding, it saves the judgment a world of pains.—I was certain she was of a better order of beings;—however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impression returned upon my encounter with her in the street; a guarded frankness with which she gave me her hand, shewed, I thought, her good education and her good sense; and, as I led her on, I felt a pleasurable ductility about her, which spread a calmness over all my spirits.

——Good God! how a man might lead such a creature as this round the world with him!

I had not yet seen her face,—'twas not material; for the drawing was instantly set about, and, long before we had got to the door of the remise, *fancy* had finish'd the whole head, and pleased herself as much with its fitting her goddess, as if she had dived into the Tiber for it;—but thou art a seduced, and a seducing slut; and albeit thou cheatest us *seven times a day* with thy pictures and images, yet

with so many charms dost thou do it, and deckes out thy pictures in the shapes of so many angels o light, 'tis a shame to break with thee.

When we had got to the door of the remise, sh withdrew her hand from across her forehead, an let me see the original:—it was a face of about six and-twenty,—of a clear transparent brown, simpl set off without rouge or powder:—it was not criti cally handsome, but there was that in it which, i the frame of mind I was in, attached me much mor to it,—it was interesting; I fancied it wore the cha racters of a widow'd look, and in that state of it declension which had passed the two first parox ysms of sorrow, and was quietly beginning to re concile itself to its loss;—but a thousand other dis tresses might have traced the same lines; I wish' to know what they had been,—and was ready to en quire (had the same *bon ton* of conversation permit ted as in the days of Esdras)—"*What aileth thee and why art thou disquieted? and why is thy under standing troubled?*"—In a word, I felt benevolenc for her, and resolv'd, some way or other, to throw i my mite of courtesy,—if not of service.

Such were my temptations;—and in this disposi tion to give way to them, was I left alone with th lady, with her hand in mine, and with our faces bot turned closer to the door of the remise than wha was absolutely necessary.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

This certainly, fair lady, said I, raising her hand up a little lightly as I began, must be one of fortune's whimsical doings; to take two utter strangers by their hands,—of different sexes, and, perhaps, from different corners of the globe, and in one moment place them together in such a cordial situation as friendship herself could scarce have achieved for them, had she projected it for a month.——

——And your reflection upon it, shews how much, Monsieur, she has embarrassed you by the adventure.

When the situation is what we would wish, nothing is so ill-timed as to hint at the circumstances which make it so.——You thank fortune, continued she;—you had reason,—the heart knew it, and was satisfied: and who but an English philosopher would have sent notice of it to the brain to reverse the judgment?

In saying this she disengaged her hand, with a look which I thought a sufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miserable picture which I am going to give of the weakness of my heart, by owning that it suffered a pain, which worthier occasions could not have inflicted.—I was mortified with the loss of her hand; and the manner in which I had lost it, carried neither oil nor wine to the wound: I never felt the pain of a peevish inferiority so miserably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are short upon these discomfitures. In a very few seconds

she laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finish her reply; so, some way or other, God knows how, I regained my situation.

——She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different conversation for the lady, thinking, from the spirit as well as moral of this, that I had been mistaken in her character; but, upon turning her face towards me, the spirit which had animated the reply was fled,—the muscles relaxed, and I beheld the same unprotected look of distress which first won me to her interest:—melancholy! to see such sprightliness the prey of sorrow,—I pitied her from my soul; and, though it may seem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart,—I could have taken her into my arms, and cherished her, though it was in the open street, without blushing.

The pulsations of the arteries along my fingers pressing across hers, told her what was passing within me. She looked down:—a silence of some moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I must have made some slight efforts towards a closer compression of her hand, from a subtle sensation I felt in the palm of my own,—not as if she was going to withdraw hers,—but as if she thought about it;—and I had infallibly lost it a second time, had not instinct, more than reason, directed me to the last resource in these dangers,—to hold it loosely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to release it of myself: so she let it continue till Monsieur Dessein returned with the key; and, in the mean time, I set myself to consider how I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

The good old monk was within six paces of us as the idea of him cross'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no. —He stopp'd, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness, and, having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me. ——You shall taste mine, said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one) and putting it into his hand.——'Tis most excellent, said the monk.—Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all; and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk blush'd as red as scarlet. *Mon Dieu!* said he, pressing his hands together,—you never used me unkindly.——I should think, said the lady, he is not likely.——I blush'd in my turn; but from what movements I leave to the few who feel, to analyse.—Excuse me, madam, replied I,—I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocations.——'Tis impossible, said the lady.——My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him,—the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal.——The lady opposed it; and I joined with her,—in maintaining it was impossible that a spirit so regulated as his could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it. We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when, in such a circle, you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubb'd his horn-box upon the sleeve of his tunick; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction, he made a low bow, and said, 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest;—but be it as it would,—he begged we might exchange boxes.—In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kissed it,—with a stream of good-nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom,—and took his leave.

I guard this box as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better. In truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the justlings of the world: they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when, upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandoned the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits as I am going to add, that, in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months; and was buried, not in his

convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off. I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him,—when, upon pulling out his little horn-box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears:—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it so long, that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without first pressing it to my lips: the blood and spirits, which had suffered a revulsion from her, crowded back to her as I did it.

Now the two travellers, who had spoke to me in the coach-yard, happened at that crisis to be passing by, and observing our communications, naturally took it into their heads that we must be *man and wife* at least; so stopping as soon as they came up to the door of the remise, the one of them, who was the inquisitive traveller, ask'd us, if we set out for Paris the next morning?——I could only answer for myself, I said;—and the lady added, she was for Amiens.——We dined there yesterday, said the simple traveller.——You go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris.—I was

going to return a thousand thanks for the intelligence, *that Amiens was in the road to Paris;* but, upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn-box to take a pinch of snuff, I made them a quiet bow, and wished them a good passage to Dover.—They left us alone.

—Now where would be the harm, said I to myself, if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise?—and what mighty mischief could ensue?

Every dirty passion and bad propensity in my nature took the alarm as I stated the proposition:—It will oblige you to have a third horse, said *avarice;* which will put twenty livres out of your pocket.—You know not what she is, said *caution;*—or what scrapes the affair may draw you into, whisper'd *cowardice.*

—Depend upon it, Yorick, said *discretion,* 'twill be said you went off with a mistress; and came, by assignation, to Calais for that purpose.

—You can never after, cried *hypocrisy,* aloud, shew your face in the world;—nor rise, quoth *meanness,* in the church;—nor be any thing in it, said *pride,* but a lousy prebendary.

But 'tis a civil thing, said I;—and as I generally act from the first impulse, and therefore seldom listen to these cabals, which serve no purpose that I know of, but to encompass the heart with adamant,—I turn'd instantly about to the lady,——

But she had glided off unperceived, as the cause was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the street by the time I had made the determination; so I set off after her with a long stride, to make her the proposal with the best address I was

master of; but observing she walk'd with her cheek half resting upon the palm of her hand,—with the slow, short-measur'd step of thoughtfulness, and with her eyes, as she went step by step, fixed upon the ground, it struck me she was trying the same cause herself.—God help her! said I, she has some mother-in-law, or tartufish aunt, or nonsensical old woman, to consult upon the occasion, as well as myself: so not caring to interrupt the process, and deeming it more gallant to take her at discretion than surprise, I faced about, and took a short turn or two before the door of the remise, whilst she walk'd musing on one side.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

Having, on first sight of the lady, settled the affair in my fancy, "that she was of the better order "of beings;"—and then laid it down as a second axiom, as indisputable as the first, that she was a widow, and wore a character of distress,—I went no further; I got ground enough for the situation which pleased me;—and had she remained close beside my elbow till midnight, I should have held true to my system, and considered her only under that general idea.

She had scarce got twenty paces distant from me, ere something within me called out for a more particular inquiry;—it brought on the idea of a further separation:—I might possibly never see her more:—the heart is for saving what it can; and I wanted

the traces through which my wishes might find their way to her, in case I should never rejoin her myself. In a word, I wish'd to know her name,—her family,—her condition;—and as I knew the place to which she was going, I wanted to know from whence she came: but there was no coming at all this intelligence: a hundred little delicacies stood in the way. I form'd a score different plans. —There was no such thing as a man's asking her directly;—the thing was impossible.

A little French *debonaire* captain, who came dancing down the street, shewed me it was the easiest thing in the world;—for, popping in betwixt us, just as the lady was returning back to the door of the remise, he introduced himself to my acquaintance, and before he had well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honour to present him to the lady.—I had not been presented myself;—so turning about to her, he did it just as well, by asking her if she had come from Paris?——No; she was going that route, she said.——*Vous n'êtes pas de Londres?*——She was not, she replied.——Then madame must have come through Flanders.—*Apparemment vous êtes Flammande?* said the French captain.——The lady answered, she was.——*Peut-être de Lisle?* added he.——She answered, she was not of Lisle.——Nor Arras?—nor Cambray?—nor Ghent?—nor Brussels?——She answered, she was of Brussels.

——He had had the honour, he said, to be at the bombardment of it last war;—that it was finely situated, *pour cela*,—and full of noblesse when the imperialists were driven out by the French (the lady made a slight courtesy;)—so giving her an account

of the affair, and of the share he had had in it,—he begg'd the honour to know her name,—so made his bow.

—*Et madame a son Mari?* said he, looking back when he had made two steps,—and without staying for an answer,—danced down the street.

Had I served seven years apprenticeship to good-breeding, I could not have done as much.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

As the little French captain left us, Mons. Dessein came up with the key of the remise in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaises.

The first object which caught my eye, as Mons. Dessein open'd the door of the remise, was another old tatter'd *desobligeant;* and, notwithstanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy so much in the coach-yard but an hour before,—the very sight of it stirr'd up a disagreeable sensation within me now; and I thought 'twas a churlish beast into whose heart the idea could first enter to construct such a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of using it.

I observed the lady was as little taken with it as myself: so Mons. Dessein led us on to a couple of chaises which stood abreast, telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchased by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no further than Paris; so were, in all respects, as good as new.—They were too good;—so I pass'd on to a

third, which stood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price.——But 'twill scarce hold two, said I, opening the door and getting in.——Have the goodness, madam, said Mons. Dessein, offering his arm, to step in.——The lady hesitated half a second, and stepp'd in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to speak to Mons. Dessein, he shut the door of the chaise upon us, and left us.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

C'EST *bien comique*, 'tis very droll, said the lady, smiling, from the reflection that this was the second time we had been left together by a parcel of nonsensical contingencies,—*c'est bien comique*, said she.

——There wants nothing, said I, to make it so, but the the comick use which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to,—to make love the first moment,—and an offer of his person the second.

——'Tis their *fort*, replied the lady,

——It is supposed so at least;—and how it has come to pass, continued I, I know not: but they have certainly got the credit of understanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation upon earth; but for my own part, I think them arrant bunglers; and, in truth, the worst set of marksmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

—To think of making love by *sentiments*!

I should as soon think of making a genteel suit of clothes out of remnants;—and to do it,—pop,—at first sight by declaration,—is submitting the of-

fer and themselves with it, to be sifted with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended as if she expected I should go on.

—Consider then, madam, continued I, laying my hand upon hers,——

That grave people hate love for the name's sake,—

That selfish people hate it for their own,—

Hypocrites for heaven's,—

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worse frightened than hurt by the very *report*,——

What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, whoever lets the word come out of his lips till an hour or two at least after the time that his silence upon it becomes tormenting! a course of small, quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm,—nor so vague as to be misunderstood,—with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it,—leaves nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind.

—Then I solemnly declare, said the lady, blushing,—you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

Monsieur Dessein came back to let us out of the chaise, and acquaint the lady that Count de L——, her brother, was just arrived at the hotel. Though

I had infinite good-will for the lady, I cannot say that I rejoiced in my heart at the event,—and could not help telling her so;—for it is fatal to a proposal, madam, said I, that I was going to make to you.

——You need not tell me what the proposal was, said she, laying her hand upon both mine, as she interrupted me.—A man, my good sir, has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, but she has a presentiment of it some moments before.

——Nature arms her with it, said I, for immediate preservation.——But I think, said she, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend;—and, to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it.—If I had—(she stopped a moment) I believe your good-will would have drawn a story from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In saying this, she suffered me to kiss her hand twice; and, with a look of sensibility mixed with concern, she got out of the chaise,—and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finished a twelve-guinea bargain so expeditiously in my life. My time seemed heavy upon the loss of the lady; and knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myself into motion,—I ordered post-horses directly, and walked towards the hotel.

Lord! said I, hearing the town-clock strike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a single hour in Calais,—

What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on!

—If this won't turn out something,—another will; —no matter,—'tis an essay upon human nature;—I get my labour for my pains,—'tis enough;—the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'tis all barren;—and so it is: and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that was I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections: —if I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to;—I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection; —I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the lovliest trees throughout the desert: if their leaves wither'd, I would teach myself to mourn; —and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris,—from Paris to Rome,—and so on;—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice; and every object he pass'd by was discoloured or distorted.— He wrote an account of them; but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the pantheon:—he was just coming out of it.—*'Tis nothing but a huge cock-pit,** said he.——I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis, replied I;—for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature.

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell, "wherein he spoke of moving "accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals "who each other eat: the Anthropophagi."—He had been flay'd alive, and bedevil'd, and used worse than St. Bartholomew at every stage he had come at.——

I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world.——You had better tell it, said I, to your physician.

Mundungus, with an immense fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples,—from Naples to Venice,—from Venice to Vienna,—to Dresden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleasurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travell'd straight on, looking neither to his right hand nor his left, lest love or pity should seduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but heaven itself, was it possible to get there with such tempers, would want objects to give it;—every gentle spirit would come flying upon the wings of love to hail their arrival.—Nothing would the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but fresh anthems

* Vide S——'s Travels.

of joy, fresh raptures of love, and fresh congratulations of their common felicity.—I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work: and was the happiest mansion in heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be so far from being happy, that the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity!

MONTRIUL.

I HAD once lost my portmanteau from behind my chaise, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the postillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting.—Nor was it till I got to Montriul, upon the landlord's asking me if I wanted not a servant, that it occurred to me that *that* was the very thing.

A servant! that I do, most sadly, quoth I.——Because, Monsieur, said the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to serve an Englishman.——But why an English one more than any other?——They are so generous, said the landlord.——I'll be shot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myself, this very night.——But they have wherewithal to be so, Monsieur, added he.——Set down one livre more for that, quoth I.——It was but last night, said the landlord, *qu'un my Lord Anglois presentoit un ecu à la fille de chambre.——Tant pis, pour Mademoiselle Janatone*, said I.

Now Janatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord supposing I was young in French, took

the liberty to inform me, I should not have said *tant pis*; but *tant mieux*.—*Tant mieux, toujours, Monsieur*, said he, when there is any thing to be got;—*tant pis*, when there is nothing.——It comes to the same thing, said I.——*Pardonnez moi*, said the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to observe, once for all, that *tant pis*, and *tant mieux* being two of the great hinges in French conversation, a stranger would do well to set himself right in the use of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French marquis at our ambassador's table, demanded of Mr. H——, if he was H—— the poet?——No, said Mr. H——, mildly.——*Tant pis*, replied the marquis.

——It is H—— the historian, said another.——*Tant mieux*, said the Marquis.——And Mr. H——, who is a man of an excellent heart, return'd thanks for both.

When the landlord had set me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had spoke of,—saying only first, that as for his talents, he would presume to say nothing.—Monsieur was the best judge what would suit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would stand responsible in all he was worth.

The landlord delivered this in a manner which instantly set my mind to the business I was upon;—and La Fleur, who stood waiting without, in that breathless expectation which every son of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTRIUL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at first sight; but never more so than when a poor devil comes to offer his service to so poor a devil as myself; and as I know this weakness, I always suffer my judgment to draw back something on that very account,—and this more or less, according to the mood I am in, and the case;—and, I may add, the gender too of the person I am to govern.

When La Fleur entered the room, after every discount I could make for my soul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; so I hired him first,—and then began to enquire what he could do.—But I shall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them;—besides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

Now poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do: and can't say my weakness was ever so insulted by my wisdom as in the attempt.

La Fleur had set out early in life, as gallantly as most Frenchmen do, with *serving* for a few years: at the end of which, having satisfied the sentiment, and found, moreover, that the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it open'd no further track of glory to him,—he retired *à ses terres*, and lived *comme il plaisoit à Dieu*;—that is to say, upon nothing.

——And so, quoth wisdom, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of yours through France and Italy!——Psha! said I, and do not one

half of our gentry go with a humdrum *compagnon du voyage* the same round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay besides? When man can extricate himself with an *equivoque* in such an unequal match,—he is not ill off.——But you can do something else, La Fleur? said I.——*O qu'oui!* he could make spatterdashes, and play a little upon the fiddle.——Bravo! said wisdom.——Why I play a bass myself, said I;—we shall do very well. You can shave and dress a wig a little, La Fleur?—He had all the dispositions in the world.——It is enough for heaven, said I, interrupting him,—and ought to be enough for me.—So supper coming in, and having a frisky English spaniel on one side of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other,—I was satisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as satisfied as I was.

MONTRIUL.

As La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the stage, I must interest the reader a little further in his behalf, by saying, that I had never less reason to repent of the impulses which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow;—he was a faithful, affectionate, simple soul as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making, which, though very good in themselves, happened to be of no great service to me, yet was I hourly

recompensed by the festivity of his temper;—it supplied all defects:—I had a constant resource in his looks in all difficulties and distresses of my own —(I was going to have added, of his too); but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for whether it was hunger or thirst, or cold or nakedness, or watchings, or whatever stripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his physiognomy to point them out by,—he was eternally the same; so that if I am a piece of a philosopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am,—it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philosophy of this poor fellow, for shaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a small cast of the coxcomb;—but he seemed, at first sight, to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him,—he seemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTRIUL.

The next morning, La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half a dozen shirts and a silk pair of breeches; and bid him fasten all upon the chaise,—get the horses put to,—and desire the landlord to come in with his bill.

——*C'est un garçon de bonne fortune*, said the landlord, pointing through the window, to half a dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were most kindly taking their leave of him as

the postillion was leading out the horses. La Fleur kissed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promised he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

—The young fellow, said the landlord, is beloved by all the town; and there is scarce a corner in Montriul where the want of him will not be felt. He has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, "he is always in love."——I am heartily glad of it, said I; 'twill save me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In saying this, I was making not so much La Fleur's eloge as my own, having been in love with one princess or other almost all my life, and I hope I shall go on so till I die, being firmly persuaded, that if ever I do a mean action, it must be in some interval betwixt one passion and another: whilst this interregnum lasts, I always perceive my heart locked up,—I can scarce find in it to give misery a six-pence; and therefore I always get out of it as fast as I can; and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generosity and good-will again; and would do any thing in the world, either for or with any one, if they will but satisfy me there is no sin in it.

—But in saying this,—sure I am commending the passion,—not myself.

A FRAGMENT.

——The town of Abdera, notwithstanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vilest and most profligate town in all Thrace. What for poisons,

conspiracies, and assassinations,—libels, pasquinades, and tumults, there was no going there by day; —'twas worse by night.

Now, when things were at the worst, it came to pass that the Andromeda of Euripides being represented at Abdera, the whole orchestra was delighted with it: but of all the passages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations than the tender strokes of nature which the poet had wrought up in that pathetick speech of Perseus, *O Cupid, prince of Gods and men*, &c. Every man almost spoke pure iambicks the next day, and talk'd of nothing but Perseus his pathetick address,—"O Cupid, prince of gods and men!" in every street of Abdera, in every house,—"O Cupid! Cupid!"—in every mouth, like the natural notes of some sweet melody which drop from it, whether it will or no,—nothing but "Cupid! Cupid! prince of gods and men!"—The fire caught, —and the whole city, like the heart of one man, open'd itself to love.

No pharmacopolist could sell one grain of hellebore,—not a single armourer had a heart to forge one instrument of death;—friendship and virtue met together, and kiss'd each other in the street;—the golden age returned, and hung over the town of Abdera;—every Abderite took his oaten pipe; and every Abderitish woman left her purple web, and chastely sat her down and listened to the song.

—'Twas only in the power, says the fragment, of the God whose empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the sea, to have done this.

MONTRIUL.

When all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little sour'd by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise, and that is, with the sons and daughters of poverty who surround you. Let no man say, "let "them go to the devil!"—'tis a cruel journey to send a few miserables; and they have had sufferings enow without it. I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise; he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them:—they will be register'd elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few, that I know, have so little to give: but as this was the first publick act of my charity in France I took the more notice of it.

——Ah well-a-way! said I,—I have but eight sous in the world, shewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd soul, without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making a disqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole *parterre* cried out, *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

Just heaven! for what wise reasons hast thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at

such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?

I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his *politesse*.

A poor little dwarfish, brisk fellow, who stood over-against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offer'd a pinch on both sides of him: it was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined.—The poor little fellow press'd it upon them with a nod of welcomeness.——*Prenez-en,—prenez*, said he, looking another way; so they each took a pinch.——Pity thy box should ever want one, said I to myself; so I put a couple of sous into it,—taking a small pinch out of his box to enhance their value, as I did it. ——He felt the weight of the second obligation more than of the first,—'twas doing him an honour, —the other was only doing him a charity;—and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

——Here! said I to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the service,—here's a couple of sous for thee.—— *Vive le Roi!* said the old soldier.

I had then but three sous left: so I gave one, simply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begg'd.——The poor woman had a dislocated hip; so it could not be well upon any other motive.

Mon cher en tres-charitable, Monsieur.——There's no opposing this, said I.

My lord Anglois;—the very sound was worth the money;—so I gave *my last sous for it*. But, in the eagerness of giving, I had overlooked a *pauvre*

honteux, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believe, would have perished ere he could have ask'd one for himself; he stood by the chaise, a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days.——Good God! said I, and I have not one single sous left to give him.——But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of nature, stirring within me;—so I gave him——no matter what,—I am ashamed to say *how much* now,—and was ashamed to think how little then: so, if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but *Dieu vous benisse.*——*Et le bon vous Dieu benisse encore*, said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre honteux* could say nothing;—he pull'd out a little handkerchief and wiped his face as he turned away;—and I thought he thanked me more than them all.

THE BIDET.

Having settled all these little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far side of a little *bidet*,* and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs)—he canter'd away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince.

* Post-horse.

—But what is happiness! what is grandeur in this painted scene of life!—a dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to La Fleur's career;—his bidet would not pass by it,—a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots the very first kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French christian, saying neither more or less upon it than *diable!* so presently got up, and came to the charge again astride his bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The bidet flew from one side of the road to the other, then back again,—then this way,—then that way, and, in short, every way but by the dead ass: —La Fleur insisted upon the thing,—and the bidet threw him.

——What's the matter, La Fleur, said I, with this bidet of thine?——*Monsieur*, said he, *c'est un cheval le plus opiniatre du monde*——Nay, if he is a conceited beast, he must go his own way, replied I.——So La Fleur got off him, and, giving him a good sound lash, the bidet took me at my word, and away he scamper'd back to Montriul.——*Peste!* said La Fleur.

It is not *mal-à-propos* to take notice here, that though La Fleur availed himself but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter,—namely, *diable!* and *peste!* that there are, nevertheless, three in the French language, like the positive, comparative, and superlative, one or the other of which serve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

Le diable! which is the first and positive degree, is generally used upon ordinary emotions of the mind, where small things only fall out contrary to

your expectations,—such as—the throwing
doublets,—La Fleur's being kick'd off his h
and so forth.—Cuckoldom, for the same reaso
always—*Le diable!*

But, in cases where the cast has something
voking in it, as in that of the bidet's running
after, and leaving La Fleur aground in jack-b
—'tis the second degree;

'Tis then *peste!*

And for the third—

——But here my heart is wrung with pity
fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miseries
have been their lot, and how bittterly so refir
people must have smarted to have forced them
the use of it.

—Grant me, O ye powers which touch the to
with eloquence in distress!—whatever is my
grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and
give my nature way.

But as these were not to be had in France,
solved to take every evil just as it befell me, wi
any exclamation at all.

La Fleur, who had made no such covenant
himself, followed the bidet with his eyes till i
got out of sight,—and then, you may imagine, i
please, with what word he closed the whole

As there was no hunting down a frighten'd
in jack-boots, there remained no alternative bu
ing La Fleur either behind the chaise, or into

I preferred the latter, and, in half an hour,
to the post-house at Nampont.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

——And this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet,—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me.——I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone-bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time,—then laid them down,—look'd at them and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it, held it some time in his hand, —then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle,—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made, —and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

——He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what

business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

——It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having, in one week, lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if heaven would not take him from him also, he would go, in gratitude, to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopp'd to pay nature his tribute,—and wept bitterly.

He said, heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey;—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern.—La Fleur offered him money. ——The mourner said he did not want it;—it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him.——The ass, he said, he was assured loved him;—and, upon this, told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass; and that they had scarce either eat or drank till they met.

——Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast,—I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.——Alas! said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive;—but now that he is dead, I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have

been too much for him,—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.——Shame on the world! said I to myself. ——Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass,—'twould be something.——

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILLION.

The concern which the poor fellow's story threw me into, required some attention: the postillion paid not the least to it, but set off upon the *pavé* in a full gallop.

The thirstiest soul in the most sandy desert of Arabia could not have wished more for a cup of cold water than mine did for grave and quiet movements; and I should have had an high opinion of the postillion, had he but stolen off with me in something like a pensive pace.—On the contrary, as the mourner finished his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling lash to each of his beasts, and set off clattering like a thousand devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for heaven's sake to go slower:—and the louder I called, the more unmercifully he galloped.——The deuce take him and his galloping too, said I, he'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces till he has worked me into a foolish passion, and then he'll go slow, that I may enjoy the sweets of it.

The postillion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a steep hill, about half a league from Nampont,—he had put me out of

temper with him,—and then with myself for being so.

My case then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real service to me.

——Then, prithee, get on,—get on, my good lad, said I.

——The postillion pointed to the hill.——I then tried to return back to the story of the poor German and his ass;—but I had broke the clue,—and could no more get into it again than the postillion could into a trot.

——The deuce go, said I, with it all! here am I, sitting as candidly disposed to make the best of the worst as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one sweet lenitive at least for evils, which nature holds out to us: so I took it kindly at her hands, and fell asleep; and the first word which roused me was Amiens.

——Bless me! said I, rubbing my eyes,—this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

AMIENS.

The words were scarce out of my mouth when the count de L***'s post-chaise, with his sister in it, drove hastily by: she had just time to make me a bow of recognition,—and of that particular kind of it which told me she had not yet done with me. She was as good as her look; for, before I had quite finished my supper, her brother's servant came into the room with a billet, in which she said she had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which

I was to present myself to Madam R*** the first morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, she was sorry, but from what *penchant* she had not considered, that she had been prevented telling me her story,—that she still owed it me; and if my route should ever lay through Brussels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L***, —that Madame de L*** would be glad to discharge her obligation.

——Then I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit! at Brussels;—'tis only returning from Italy, through Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders, home; —'twill scarce be ten posts out of my way; but were it ten thousand! with what a moral delight will it crown my journey, in sharing in the sickening incidents of a tale of misery told to me by such a sufferer! to see her weep, and, though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquisite sensation is there still left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the first and fairest of women, as I'm sitting with my handkerchief in my hand in silence the whole night beside her!

There was nothing wrong in the sentiment; and yet I instantly reproached my heart with it in the bitterest and most reprobate of expressions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the singular blessings of my life, to be almost every hour of it miserably in love with some one: and my last flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealousy on the sudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before,—swearing, as I did it, that it should last me through the whole journey.—Why should I dissemble the matter? I had sworn to her

eternal fidelity;—she had a right to my whole heart:—to divide my affections was to lessen them;—to expose them, was to risk them; where there is risk, there may be loss:—and what wilt thou have, Yorick, to answer to a heart so full of trust and confidence,—so good, so gentle, and unreproaching!

——I will not go to Brussels, replied I, interrupting myself;—but my imagination went on,—I recalled her looks at that crisis of our separation, when neither of us had power to say adieu! I look'd at the picture she had tied in a black ribband about my neck,—and blush'd as I look'd at it.—I would have given the world to have kiss'd it,—but was ashamed;—and shall this tender flower, said I, pressing it between my hands,—shall it be smitten to its very root,—and smitten, Yorick! by thee, who hast promised to shelter it in thy breast?

Eternal Fountain of Happiness! said I, kneeling down upon the ground,—be thou my witness,—and every pure spirit which tastes it, be my witness also, that I would not travel to Brussels, unless Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards heaven!

In transports of this kind, the heart, in spite of the understanding, will always say too much.

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

Fortune had not smiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unsuccessful in his feats of chivalry,—and not one thing had offered to signalize his zeal for

my service from the time he had entered into it, which was almost four-and-twenty hours. The poor soul burn'd with impatience; and the Count de L——'s servant coming with the letter, being the first practicable occasion which offered, La Fleur had laid hold of it, and, in order to do honour to his master, had taken him into a back-parlour in the *auberge*, and treated him with a cup or two of the best wine in Picardy; and the count de L——'s servant, in return, and not to be behind-hand in politeness with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hotel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a passport in his very looks) soon set every servant in the kitchen at ease with him; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no sort of prudery in shewing them, La Fleur, in less than five minutes, had pulled out his fife, and, leading off the dance himself with the first note, set the *fille de chambre*, the *maitre de hotel*, the cook, the scullion, and all the household, dogs and cats, besides an old monkey, a-dancing! I suppose there never was a merrier kitchen since the flood.

Madame de L——, in passing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing so much jollity below stairs, rung up her *fille de chambre* to ask about it; and, hearing it was the English gentleman's servant who had set the whole house merry with his pipe, she ordered him up.

As the poor fellow could not present himself empty, he had loaden'd himself in going up stairs with a thousand compliments to Madame de L——, on the part of his master,—added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L——'s health,—told her that Monsieur his master was *au desespoire* for

her re-establishment from the fatigues of her journey,—and, to close all, that Monsieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour —— And he has done me the honour, said Madame de L——, interrupting La Fleur, to send a billet in return.

Madame de L—— had said this with such a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to disappoint her expectations;—he trembled for my honour,—and, possibly, might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attached to a master who could be wanting *en égards vis à vis d'une femme!* so that, when Madame de L—— asked La Fleur if he had brought a letter, ——*O qu'oui*, said La Fleur; so laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right side-pocket with his left hand, he began to search for the letter with his right;—then contrary-wise.—*Diable!*—then sought every pocket, pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob:—*Peste!*—then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor,—pulled out a dirty cravat,—a handkerchief,—a comb,—a whip-lash,—a night-cap,—then gave a peep into his hat,—*Quelle etourderie!* he had left the letter upon the table in the *auberge;*—he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had just finished my supper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole story simply as it was; and only added, that if Monsieur had forgot (*par hazard*) to answer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas;*—and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now, I was not altogether sure of my *etiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but, if I had, —a devil himself could not have been angry: 'twas but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; and however he might have mistook the road, or embarrass'd me in so doing,—his heart was in no fault,—I was under no necessity to write; —and, what weighed more than all,—he did not look as if he had done amiss.

——'Tis all very well, La Fleur, said I,——'Twas sufficient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightning, and returned with pen, ink, and paper, in his hand; and, coming up to the table, laid them close before me, with such a delight in his countenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I began, and began again; and though I had nothing to say, and that nothing might have been expressed in half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings, and could no way please myself.

In short, I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur stepp'd out and brought a little water in a glass to dilute my ink,—then fetched sand and seal-wax.—It was all one; I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again.—*Le diable l'emporte*, said I half to myself,—I cannot write this self-same letter, throwing the pen down despairingly as I said it.

As soon as I had cast down my pen, La Fleur advanced with the most respectful carriage up to the table, and making a thousand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket, wrote by a drummer in his regiment

to a corporal's wife, which, he durst say, would suit the occasion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour.——Then prithee, said I, let me see it.

La Fleur instantly pulled out a little dirty pocket-book, cramm'd full of small letters and billet-doux in a sad condition, and laying it upon the table, and then untying the string which held them all together, run them over, one by one, till he came to the letter in question,—*La voila*, said he, clapping his hands: so, unfolding it first, he laid it before me, and retired three steps from the table whilst I read it.

THE LETTER.

MADAME,

JE suis penetré de la douleur la plus vive, et reduit en même temps au desespoir par ce retour imprevû du corporal qui rend notre entrevue de ce soir la chose du monde la plus impossible.

Mais vive la joie! et toute la mienne sera de penser à vous.

L' amour n'est *rien* sans sentiment.

Et le sentiment est encore *moins* sans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais se desesperer.

On dit aussi que Monsieur le corporal monte la garde Mercredi: alors ce sera mon tour.

Chacun à son tour.

En attendant,—vive l'amour! et vive la bagatelle!

Je suis, MADAME,

Avec toutes les sentiments les plus respectueux et les plus tendres, tout à vous,

JAQUES ROQUE.

It was but changing the corporal into the Count, —and saying nothing about mounting guard on Wednesday,—and the letter was neither right nor wrong;—so to gratify the poor fellow, who stood trembling for my honour, his own, and the honour of his letter,—I took the cream gently off it, and, whipping it up in my own way,—seal'd it up, and sent it to Madame de L——; and the next morning we pursued our journey to Paris.

PARIS.

When a man can contest the point by dint of equipage, and carry on all floundering before him with half a dozen lackies and a couple of cooks,—'tis very well in such a place as Paris,—he may drive in at which end of a street he will.

A poor prince, who is weak in cavalry, and whose whole infantry does not exceed a single man, had best quit the field, and signalize himself in the cabinet, if he can get up into it,—I say, *up into it*,—for there is no descending perpendicular amongst 'em with a "*Me voica, mes enfans*,"—here I am,—whatever many may think.

I own, my first sensations, as soon as I was left solitary and alone in my own chamber in the hotel, were far from being so flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my dusty black coat, and, looking through the glass, saw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleasure.—The old, with broken lances, and in helmets which had lost their vizards;—the young, in armour bright, which shone like

gold, beplumed with each gay feather of the east, all,—all,—tilting at it like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love.

——Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing here? On the very first onset of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom;—seek,—seek some winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled nor flambeau shot its rays;—there thou mayest solace thy soul in converse sweet with some kind *grisette* of a barber's wife, and get into such coteries!—

——May I perish! if I do, said I, pulling out a letter which I had to present to Madame de R***.—I'll wait upon this lady the very first thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go seek me a barber directly,—and come back and brush my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

When the barber came, he absolutely refused to have any thing to do with my wig: 'twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do but to take one ready made, of his own recommendation.

——But I fear, friend, said I, this buckle won't stand.——You may emerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will stand.

What a great scale is every thing upon in this city! thought I.—The utmost stretch of an English periwig-maker's ideas could have gone no further than to have "dipped it into a pail of water."—What difference! 'tis like time to eternity!

I confess I do hate all cold conceptions as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally so struck with the great works of nature, that, for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a comparison less than a mountain at least. All that can be said against the French sublime in this instance of it, is this:—That the grandeur is *more* in the *word*, and *less* in the *thing*. No doubt the ocean fills the mind with vast ideas: but Paris being so far inland, it was not likely I should run post a hundred miles out of it to try the experiment:—the Parisian barber meant nothing.

The pail of water standing beside the great deep, makes certainly but a sorry figure in speech;—but 'twill be said,—it has one advantage—'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it, without more ado, in a single moment.

In honest truth, and upon a more candid revision of the matter, *the French expression professes more than it performs.*

I think I can see the precise and distinguishing marks of national characters more in these nonsensical *minutiæ*, than in the most important matters of state; where great men of all nations talk and stalk so much alike, that I would not give nine-pence to choose amongst them.

I was so long in getting from under my barber's hands, that it was too late to think of going with my letter to Madame R—— that night: but, when a man is once dressed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account; so taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene, where I lodged, I walked forth, without any determination where to go;—I shall consider of that, said I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight: 'tis ye who open this door and let the stranger in.

——Pray, madame, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the *Opera Comique*.——Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work.

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till, at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop facing the door.

——*Tres volontiers*; most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look, that, had I been laying out fifty Louis d'ors with her, I should have said—"This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take,—you must turn first to your left hand,—*mais prenez garde*,—there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second,—then go down a little way and you'll see a church, and, when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont Neuf*, which you must cross,

and there any one will do himself the pleasure to shew you.

She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natur'd patience the third time as the first;—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out,—she seemed really interested that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest *grisette*, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said; —so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not,—I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left, for that I had absolutely forgot.——Is it possible! said she, half laughing.—'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth, she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

——*Attendez*, said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter; and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place. So I walked in with her

to the far side of the shop; and taking up the ruf in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her lc chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a m ment.——And in that moment, replied I, most w lingly would I say something very civil to you f all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual a of good nature, but a continuation of them shews is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added if it is the same blood which comes from the hea which descends to the extremes (touching her wris I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of a woman in the world. Feel it, said she, holding o her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold her fingers in one hand, and applied the two for fingers of my other to the artery.—

Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou had passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black co and in my lack-a-day-sical manner, counting t throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotic as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow her fever! how wouldst thou have laughed and mo alized upon my new profession!—and thou should have laugh'd and moralized on—trust me, my de Eugenius, I should have said, "there are wor "occupations in this world *than feeling a woman* "*pulse*."—But a *grisette's!* thou wouldst have sai —and in an open shop, Yorick!—

—So much the better: for when my views a direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw m feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpected from a back-parlour into the shop, put me a little out in my reckoning.——'Twas nobody but her husband, she said—so I began a fresh score—Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he passed by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse.——The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said, I did him too much honour; and having said that, he put on his hat and walked out.

Good God! said I to myself, as he went out,—and can this man be the husband of this woman!

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh. In the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as a man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there:—in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum night-cap, the same rough son of nature that nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is salique, having ceded this department with sundry others, totally to the women—by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions, they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant—Monsieur *le Marli* is little better than the stone under your foot.

—Surely,—surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone;—thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings; and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to as my evidence.

—And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she.——With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected.——She was going to say something civil in return, but the lad came into the shop with the gloves.—*A propos*, said I, I want a couple of pairs myself.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

The beautiful *grisette* rose up when I said this, and, going behind the counter, reached down a parcel and untied it: I advanced to the side over against her: they were all too large. The beautiful *grisette* measured them one by one across my hand.—It would not alter the dimensions.—She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least.

—She held it open ;—my hand slipped into it at once.—It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little.—No said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety,—where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together, could not express them ; —they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it,—it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do ; so folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter ;—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful *grisette* looked sometimes at the gloves, then side-ways to the window, then at the gloves,—and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence ;—I followed her example : so I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack :—she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration, that she looked into my very heart and reins.—It may seem strange ; but I could actually feel she did.

It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful *grisette* had not asked above a single livre above the price. I wished she had asked a livre more ; and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about.—Do you think, my dear sir, said she, mistaking my embar-

rassment, that I could ask a sous too muc
stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness
than his want of gloves, has done me the hon
lay himself at my mercy ?—*M'en croyez capal*
Faith ! not I, said I ; and if you were, you ar
come. So counting the money into her han
with a lower bow than one generally make
shop-keeper's wife, I went out ; and her lac
his parcel followed me.

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was nobody in the box I was let int
a kindly old French officer. I love the char
not only because I honour the man whose ma
are softened by a profession which makes ba
worse, but that I once knew one,—for he is no
—and why should I not rescue one page from
tion by writing his name in it, and telling the
it was captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my
and friends, whose philanthropy I never thi
at this long distance from his death, but my
gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a
lection for the whole corps of veterans ; anc
strode over the two back rows of benches, and
ed myself beside him.

The old officer was reading attentively a
pamphlet (it might be the book of the opera)
a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat
he took his spectacles off, and putting them i
shagreen case, returned them and book int

pocket together. I half rose up, and made him a bow.

Translate this into any civilized language in the world, the sense is this :—

"Here's a poor stranger come into the box ; he "seems as if he knew nobody ; and is never likely, "was he to be seven years in Paris, if every man "he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose : "—'tis shutting the door of conversation absolutely "in his face, and using him worse than a German."

The French officer might as well have said it all aloud : and if he had, I should in course have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, "I was sensible of his attention, and returned "him a thousand thanks for it."

There is not a secret so aiding to the progress of sociality, as to get master of this *short hand*, and to be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it so mechanically, that when I walk the streets of London, I go translating all the way ; and have more than once stood behind the circle, where not three words have been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall, when the Marquisina di F*** was coming out, in a sort of a hurry :—she was almost upon me before I saw her ; so I gave a spring to one side, to let her pass. She had done the same, and on the same side too : so we ran our heads together : she instantly got to the other side to get out ; I was just as un-

fortunate as she had been; for I had sprung to th side, and opposed her passage again. We both fle together to the other side, and then back,—and s on:—it was ridiculous; we both blushed intoler bly; so I did at last the thing I should have done first;—I stood stock still, and the Marquisina ha no more difficulty. I had no power to go into th room till I had made her so much reparation as t wait and follow her with my eye to the end of th passage. She looked back twice, and walked alon it rather sideways, as if she would make room fo any one coming up stairs to pass her.—No, said that's a vile translation: the Marquisina has a rigl to the best apology I can make her; and that oper ing is left for me to do it in:—so I ran and begge pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, say ing it was my intention to have made her way. Sh answered, she was guided by the same intention to wards me;—so we reciprocally thanked each othe She was at the top of the stairs; and seeing no *ch chesbee* near her, I begged to hand her to her coach so we went down the stairs, stopping at every thir step to talk of the concert and the adventure.—Up on my word, madam, said I, when I had handed he in, I made six different efforts to let you go out.— And I made six efforts, replied she, to let you ente —I wish to heaven you would make a seventh, sai I.—With all my heart, said she, making room.— Life is too short to be long about the forms of it;— so I instantly stepped in, and she carried me hom with her,——And what became of the concert, St Cecilia, who, I suppose, was at it, knows more than I

I will only add, that the connection which arose out of the translation, gave me more pleasure tha *any one* I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I HAD never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was, will probably come out in this chapter; so that being pretty much unprepossessed, there must have been grounds for what struck me the moment I cast my eyes over the *parterre*,—and that was, the unaccountable sport of nature in forming such numbers of dwarfs.—No doubt, she sports at certain times in almost every corner of the world; but in Paris, there is no end to her amusements.—The goddess seems almost as merry as she is wise.

As I carried my idea out of the *Opera Comique* with me, I measured every body I saw walking in the streets by it.—Melancholy application! especially where the size was extremely little,—the face extremely dark,—the eyes quick,—the nose long,—the teeth white,—the jaw prominent,—to see so many miserables, by force of accidents, driven out of their own proper class into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down:—every third man a pigmy!—some by ricketty heads and hump-backs;—others by bandy-legs;—a third set arrested by the hand of nature in the sixth and seventh years of their growth;—a fourth, in their perfect and natural state, like dwarf apple-trees; from the first rudiments and stamina of their existence, never meant to grow higher.

A medical traveller might say, 'tis owing to undue bandages;—a splenetick one, to want of air;—and an inquisitive traveller, to fortify the system, may

measure the hight of their houses,—the narrow
of their streets, and in how few feet square in
sixth and seventh stories such numbers of the *B*
geoisie eat and sleep together. But I remember,
Shandy the elder, who accounted for nothing
any body else, in speaking one evening of th
matters, averred, that children, like other anim
might be increased almost to any size, provided t
came right into the world; but the misery was,
citizens of Paris were so coop'd up, that they
not actually room enough to get them.—I do not
it getting any thing, said he;—'tis getting noth
—Nay, continued he, rising in his argument,
getting worse than nothing, when all you have
after twenty or five-and-twenty years of the tende
care and most nutritious aliment bestowed upon
shall not at last be as high as my leg. Now,
Shandy being very short, there could be noth
more said of it.

As this is not a work of reasoning, I leave
solution as I found it, and content myself with
truth only of the remark, which is verified in ev
lane and by-lane of Paris. I was walking down t
which leads from the Carousal to the Palais Ro
and observing a little boy in some distress at
side of the gutter which ran down the middle of
I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. U
turning up his face to look at him after, I percei
he was about forty.——Never mind, said I, so
good body will do as much for me when I am nin

I feel some little principles within me, which
cline me to be merciful towards this poor bligh
part of my species, who have neither size
strength to get on in the world.—I cannot bea

of them trod upon; and had scarce got
eside my old French officer ere the disgust
rcised, by seeing the very thing happen un-
ɔox we sat in.

: end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and
side-box, there is a small esplanade left,
vhen the house is full, numbers of all ranks
ctuary. Though you stand, as in the *par-*
u pay the same price as in the orchestra.
defenceless being of this order, had got
omehow or other, into this luckless place;
ght was hot, and he was surrounded by be-
feet and a half higher than himself. The
ıffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the
ıich incommoded him most, was a tall, cor-
·erman, near seven feet high, who stood di-
twixt him and all possibility of his seeing
e stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did
uld to get a peep at what was going for-
y seeking for some little opening betwixt
nan's arm and his body, trying first on one
ı on the other; but the German stood square
ɔst unaccommodating posture that can be
.:—the dwarf might as well have been plac-
bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris;
illy reach'd up his hand to the German's
.nd told him his distress.—The German
ɜ head back, look'd down upon him as Go-
ıpon David,—and unfeelingly resumed his

ust then taking a pinch of snuff out of my
.ttle horn-box.—And how would thy meek
:eous spirit, my dear monk! so temper'd to

bear and forbear!—how sweetly would it have len an ear to this poor soul's complaint!

The old French officer seeing me lift up my eye with an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took th liberty to ask me what was the matter?——I tol him the story in three words, and added, how inhu man it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes and in his first transports, which are generally un reasonable, had told the German he would cut of his long queue with his knife.——The Germa look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome if he could reach it.

An injury sharpen'd by an insult, be it to whon it will, makes every man of sentiment a party: could have leap'd out of the box to have redresse it.—The old French officer did it with much less con fusion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to centinel, and pointing at the same time with hi finger at the distress,—the centinel made his way t it.—There was no occasion to tell the grievance,— the thing told itself; so thrusting back the Germa instantly with his musket,—he took the poor dwar by the hand, and placed him before him.——Thi is noble! said I, clapping my hands together,—— And yet you would not permit this, said the old offi cer, in England.

——In England, dear sir, said I, *we sit all at ou ease.*

The old French officer would have set me at uni ty with myself, in case I had been at variance,—b saying it was a *bon mot*;—and as a *bon mot* is alway worth something at Paris, he offered me a pinch o snuff.

THE ROSE.

PARIS.

It was now my turn to ask the old French officer, "what was the matter?" for a cry of "*Haussez les mains, Monsieur l'Abbé,*" re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the *parterre*, was as unintelligible to me as my apostrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me, it was some poor Abbé in one of the upper *loges*, who he supposed had got planted *perdu* behind a couple of *grisettes*, in order to see the opera, and that the *parterre* espying him, where insisting upon his holding up both his hands during the representation.——And can it be supposed, said I, that an ecclesiastick would pick the *grisettes* pockets?—The old French officer smiled, and whispering in my ear, opened a door of knowledge which I had no idea of.

——Good God! said I, turning pale with astonishment,—is it possible, that a people so smit with sentiment should at the same time be so unclean, and so unlike themselves.—*Quelle grossierté!* added I.

——The French officer told me it was an illiberal sarcasm at the church, which had begun in the theatre about the time the Tartuffe was given in it, by Moliere:—but, like other remains of Gothick manners, was declining.—Every nation, continued he, have their refinements and *grossiertés*, in which they take the lead, and lose it of one another by turns:—that he had been in most countries, but never in one where he found not some delicacies, which others

seemed to want. *Le pour et le contre se trouva chaque nation;* there is a balance, said he, of and bad every where; and nothing but the kno it is so, can emancipate one half of the world the prepossession which it holds against the o —that the advantage of travel, as it regarde *sçavoir vivre*, was by seeing a great deal both of and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a taught us mutual love.

The old French officer delivered this with an such candour and good sense, as coincided wit first favourable impressions of his characte thought I loved the man; but I fear I mistool object:—'twas my own way of thinking,—the d ence was, I could not have expressed it half so

It is alike troublesome to both the rider an beast,—if the latter goes pricking up his ears starting all the way at every object which he saw before.—I have as little torment of this ki any creature alive; and yet I honestly confess many a thing gave me pain, and that I blush many a word the first month,—which I found i sequent and perfectly innocent the second.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an acquaintan about six weeks with her, had done me the hc to take me in her coach about two leagues o town.—Of all women, Madame de Rambouliet i most correct; and I never wish to see one of virtues and purity of heart.—In our return Madame de Rambouliet desired me to pull the ——I asked her if she wanted any thing?—— *que pour pisser*, said Madame de Rambouliet.

Grieve not gentle traveller, to let Madame de Rambouliet p—ss on.—And ye fair mystick nymphs, to each one *pluck your rose*, and scatter them in your path,—for Madame de Rambouliet did no more. —I handed Madame de Rambouliet out of the coach; and had I been the priest of the chaste *Castalia*, I could not have served at her fountain with a more respectful decorum.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.

WHAT the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his son, upon the same subject, into my head,—and that bringing in Hamlet,—and Hamlet the rest of Shakespeare's works, I stopp'd at the Quai de Conti, in my return home, to purchase the whole set.

The bookseller said he had not a set in the world. ——*Comment!* said I, taking one up out of a set which lay upon the counter betwixt us.——He said, they were sent him only to be got bound; and were to be sent back to Versailles in the morning to the Count de B****.

——And does the Count de B****, said I, read Shakespeare?——*C'est un Esprit fort*, replied the bookseller.—He loves English books; and what is more to his honour, monsieur, he loves the English too.——You speak this so civilly, said I, that it is enough to oblige an Englishman to lay out a Louis d'or or two at your shop.——The bookseller made a bow, and was going to say something, when a

young decent girl, about twenty, who by her air and dress seemed to be *fille de chambre* to some devout woman of fashion, came into the shop and asked for *Les Egarements du Cœur & de l'Esprit*. The bookseller gave her the book directly; she pulled out a little green sattin purse, run round with a ribband of the same colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money and paid for it. As I had nothing more to stay me in the shop we both walk'd out of the door together.

——And what have you to do, my dear, said I with *The Wanderings of the Heart*, who scarce know yet you have one? nor, till love has first told you it or some faithless shepherd has made it ache, canst thou ever be sure it is so.——*Le Dieu m'en garde!* said the girl.——With reason, said I; for if it is a good one, 'tis a pity it should be stolen; 'tis a little treasure to thee, and gives a better air to your face than if it was dress'd out with pearls.

The young girl listened with a submissive attention, holding her sattin purse by its ribband in her hand all the time.——'Tis a very small one, said I taking hold of the bottom of it—(she held it towards me)—and there is very little in it, my dear, said I but be but as good as thou art handsome, and heaven will fill it. I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakespeare; and as she had let go the purse entirely, I put a single one in; and tying up the ribband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more a humble courtesy than a low one:—'twas one of those quiet, thankful sinkings, where the spirit bows itself down,—the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, said I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you see the crown, you'll remember it;—so don't, my dear, lay it out in ribbands.

——Upon my word, sir, said the girl, earnestly, I am incapable;—in saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand:—*En verité, Monsieur, je mettrai cet argent apart*, said she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private walks; so notwithstanding it was dusky, yet as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together.

She made me a second courtesy in setting off; and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop, to tell me again—she thank'd me.

—It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the world;—but I see innocence, my dear, in your face,—and foul befall the man who ever lays a snare in its way!

The girl seem'd affected, some way or other, with what I said;—she gave a low sigh:—I found I was not empowered to inquire at all after it,—so said nothing more till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

——But is this the way, my dear, said I, to the Hotel de Modene?——She told me it was;—or that I might go by the Rue de Gueneguault, which was the next turn.——Then I'll go, my dear, by the Rue de Gueneguault, said I, for two reasons: first, I

shall please myself; and next, I shall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can.——The girl was sensible I was civil,—and said, she wish'd the Hotel de Modene was in the Rue de St. Pierre.——You live there? said I.——She told me she was *fille de chambre* to Madame R****.——Good God! said I, 'tis the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens.——The girl told me that Madame R****, she believed, expected a stranger with a letter, and was impatient to see him.——So I desired the girl to present my compliments to Madame R****, and say I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We stood still at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilst this pass'd.—We then stopped a moment whilst she disposed of her *Egarements du Cœur*, &c. more commodiously than carrying them in her hand: they were two volumes; so I held the second for her whilst she put the first into her pocket; and then she held her pocket, and I put in the other after it.

'Tis sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together!

We set off afresh; and as she took her third step, the girl put her hand within my arm.—I was just bidding her,—but she did it of herself, with that undeliberating simplicity, which shew'd it was out of her head that she had never seen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of consanguinity so strongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and see if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeness.—Tut! said I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Gueneguault, I stopp'd to bid her adieu for good

and all : the girl would thank me again for my company and kindness.—She bid me adieu twice ;—I repeated it as often ; and so cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where else, I'm not sure but I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as warm and holy as an apostle.

But in Paris, as none kiss each other but the men, —I did what amounted to the same thing,—

I bid God bless her !

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

When I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been inquired after by the Lieutenant de Police.——The deuce take it, said I,—I know the reason. It is time the reader should know it ; for in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted ; not that it was out of my head ; but that, had I told it then, it might have been forgot now ;— and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with so much precipitation, that it never enter'd my mind that we were at war with France ; and had reached Dover, and looked through my glass at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea presented itself ; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a passport. Go but to the end of a street, I have a mortal aversion for returning back no wiser than I set out ; and as this was one of the greatest efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could less bear the thoughts of it ; so hearing the Count de ****

had hired the packet, I begg'd he would take m in his *suite*. The Count had some little knowledg of me, so made little or no difficulty,—only said, h inclination to serve me could reach no farther th Calais, as he was to return by way of Brussels, Paris; however, when I had once pass'd there, might get to Paris without interruption; but th in Paris I must make friends and shift for mysel ——Let me get to Paris, Monsieur le Count, said, —and I shall do very well. So I embark'd, and nev thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Poli had been enquiring after me,—the thing instant recurred;—and by the time La Fleur had well to me, the master of the hotel came into my room tell me same thing, with this addition to it, that n passport had been particularly asked after: the ma ter of the hotel concluded with saying, he hop I had one.——Not I, faith! said I.

The master of the hotel retired three steps fro me, as from an infected person, as I declared thi —and poor La Fleur advanced three steps towar me, and with that sort of movement which a go soul makes to succour a distress'd one:—the fello won my heart by it; and from that single trait, knew his character as perfectly, and could rely u on it as firmly, as if he had served me with fideli for seven years.

Mon Seigneur! cried the master of the hotel;- but recollecting himself as he made the exclam tion, he instantly changed the tone of it.—If Mo sieur, said he, has not a passport *(apparemment)* *all* likelihoood he has friends in Paris, who c *procure* him one.—Not that I know of, quoth I, w

an air of indifference.——Then certes, replied he, you'll be sent to the Bastile, or the Chatelet, *au moins*.——Poo! said I, the king of France is a good-natured soul,—he'll hurt no body.——*Cela n'empeche pas*, said he,—you will certainly be sent to the Bastile to-morrow morning.——But I've taken your lodgings for a month, answer'd I; and I'll not quit them a day before the time for all the kings of France in the world.——La Fleur whispered in my ear,—that nobody could oppose the king of France.

Pardi, said my host, *ces Messieurs Anglois sont des gens tres extraordinaires*;—and having both said and sworn it,—he went out.

THE PASSPORT.

THE HOTEL AT PARIS.

I COULD not find in my heart to torture La Fleur's with a serious look upon the subject of my embarrassment, which was the reason I had treated it so cavalierly; and to shew him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropped the subject entirely; and whilst he waited upon me at supper, talk'd to him with more than usual gaiety about Paris, and of the *opera comique*.—La Fleur had been there himself, and had followed me through the streets as far as the bookseller's shop; but seeing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walk'd down the Quai de Conti together, La Fleur deem'd it unnecessary to follow me a step further,—so making his own reflections upon it, he took a shorter cut,—

and got to the hotel in time to be inform'd of the affair of the police against my arrival.

As soon as the honest creature had taken away, and gone down to sup himself, I then began to think a little seriously about my situation.

—And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt smile at the remembrance of a short dialogue which pass'd betwixt us the moment I was going to set out:—I must tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little subject to be overburthen'd with money as thought, had drawn me aside to interrogate me how much I had taken care for. Upon telling him the exact sum, Eugenius shook his head, and said, it would not do; so pull'd out his purse, in order to empty it into mine.

——I've enough in conscience, Eugenius, said I.

——Indeed, Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius;—I know France and Italy better than you.

——But you don't consider, Eugenius, said I, refusing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clapp'd up into the Bastile, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the king of France's expense.——I beg pardon, said Eugenius, dryly: really, I had forgot that resource.

Now the event I treated gaily, came seriously to my door.

It is folly, or *nonchalance*, or philosophy, or pertinacity?—or what is it in me, that, after all, when La Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugenius?

—And as for the Bastile,—the terror is in the word.—Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower;—and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of.—Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year.—But with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within,—at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and a wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forgot what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember I walk'd down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning.——Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I, vauntingly,—for I envy not its power, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition,—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised.—But strip it of its towers,—fill up the fosse,—unbarricade the doors,—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper,—and not of a man, which holds you in it,—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I look'd up and down the passage, and seeing neither man,

woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage.—"I can't get out,—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approach'd it, with the same lamentation of its captivity,—"I can't get out," said the starling.——God help thee! said I,—but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door: it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces.—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient.——I fear, poor creature, said I, I cannot set thee at liberty.—"No," said the starling; "I can't "get out,—I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly call'd home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematick reasonings upon the Bastile! and I heavily walk'd up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery, said I, —still thou art a bitter draught! and though thou-

sands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to *liberty*, whom all in publick or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change.—No *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymick power turn thy sceptre into iron;—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.—Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion,—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room. sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery: but finding, however affecting the picture was, that could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me,

—I took a single captive; and having first shut *him up in his dungeon*, I then look'd through the *twilight of his* grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood;—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time;—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice! —His children!——

But here my heart began to bleed;—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there:—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down,—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle.—He gave a deep sigh.—I saw the iron enter into his soul!—I burst into tears.——I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.—I started up from my chair, and calling La Fleur,—I bid him bespeak me a remise, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

—I'll go directly, said I, myself to Monsieur le Duc de Choiseul.

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but not willing he should see any thing upon my cheek which

would cost the honest fellow a heart-ach,—I told him I would go to bed by myself,—and bid him go do the same.

THE STARLING.

ROAD TO VERSAILLES.

I GOT into my remise the hour I proposed: La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the best of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a short history of this self-same bird, which became the subject of the last chapter.

Whilst the honourable Mr. **** was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom; who, not caring to destroy it, had taken it in his breast into the packet;—and by course of feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it safe along with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the starling; and as he had little to do better the five months his master stayed there, he taught it, in his mother's tongue, the four simple words—(and no more)—to which I owned myself so much its debtor.

Upon his master's going on for Italy, the lad had given it to the master of the hotel. But his little song for liberty being in an *unknown* language at

Paris, the bird had little or no store set by him:—so La Fleur bought both him and his cage for m for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy, I brought him with m to the country in whose language he had learne his notes;—and telling the story of him to lord A— lord A. begged the bird of me;—in a week lord A gave him to lord B—; lord B. made a present o him to lord C—; and lord C.'s gentleman sold hin to lord D.'s for a shilling;—lord D. gave him t lord E, and so on, half round the alphabet. Fron that rank he passed into the lower house, and passed the hands of as many commoners.—But as al these wanted to get in, and my bird wanted to ge out, he had almost as little store set by him in London as in Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers mus have heard of him; and if any by mere chance have ever seen him,—I beg leave to inform them, that that bird was my bird,—or some vile copy se up to represent him.

I have nothing farther to add upon him, bu that from that time to this I have borne this poo starling as the crest to my arms.—And let the heralds' officers twist his neck about if they dare.

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind when I am going to ask protection o any man; for which reason I generally endeavou

to protect myself: but this going to Monsieur le Duc de C——, was an act of compulsion;—had it been an act of choice, I should have done it, I suppose, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty address, as I went along, did my servile heart form! I deserved the Bastile for every one of them.

Then nothing would serve me, when I got within sight of Versailles, but putting words and sentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreath myself into Monsieur le Duc de C——'s good graces.—This will do, said I.—Just as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous taylor, without taking his measure.——Fool! continued I,—see Monsieur le Duc's face first;—observe what character is written in it;—take notice in what posture he stands to hear you;—mark the turns and expressions of his body and limbs;—and for the tone,—the first sound which comes from his lips will give it you; and from all these together you'll compound an address at once upon the spot, which cannot disgust the duke;—the ingredients are his own, and most likely to go down.

Well! said I, I wish it well over.—Coward again! as if man to man was not equal throughout the whole surface of the globe; and if in the field, why not face to face in the cabinet too? and trust me, Yorick, whenever it is not so, man is false to himself, and betrays his own succours ten times where nature does it once. Go to the Duc de C—— with the Bastile in thy looks;—my life for it, thou wilt be sent back to Paris in half an hour with an escort.

I believe so, said I.—Then I'll go to the duke, by heaven! with all the gaiety and debonnairness in the world.

—And there you are wrong again, replied I.——A heart at ease, Yorick, flies into no extremes,—'tis ever on its center.—Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turned in at the gates, I find I shall do very well: and by the time he had wheeled round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myself so much the better for my own lecture, that I neither ascended the steps like a victim to justice, who was to part with life upon the topmast,—nor did I mount them with a skip and a couple of strides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.

As I entered the door of the saloon, I was met by a person who possibly might be the *maitre d'hotel*, but had more the air of one of the under-secretaries, who told me the Duc de C—— was busy.—I am utterly ignorant, said I, of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an absolute stranger, and, what is worse in the present conjuncture of affairs, being an Englishman too.——He replied, that did not increase the difficulty.—I made him a slight bow, and told him, I had something of importance to say to Monsieur le Duc. The secretary looked towards the stairs, as if he was about to leave me to carry up this account to some one.—But I must not mislead you, said I,—for what I have to say is of no manner of importance to Monsieur le Duc de C—— but of great importance to myself.——*C'est une autre affaire*, replied he.——Not at all, said I, to a man of gallantry. But pray, good sir, continued I *when* can a stranger hope to have *accesse?*——In *not less than* two hours, said he, looking at his watch

—The number of equipages in the court-yard seemed to justify the calculation, that I could have no nearer a prospect;—and as walking backwards and forwards in the saloon, without a soul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the Bastile itself, I instantly went back to my remise, and bid the coachman drive me to the *Cordon Bleu*, which was the nearest hotel.

I think there is a fatality in it;—I seldom go to the place I set out for.

LE PATISSER.

VERSAILLES.

Before I had got half-way down the street, I changed my mind: as I am at Versailles, thought I, I might as well take a view of the town; so I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round some of the principal streets.—I suppose the town is not very large, said I.—The coachman begged pardon for setting me right, and told me it was very superb; and that numbers of the first dukes and marquisses and counts had hotels.—The Count de B——, of whom the bookseller at the Quai de Conti had spoke so handsomely the night before, came instantly into my mind.—And why should I not go, thought I, to the Count de B——, who has so high an idea of English books and English men,—and tell him my story? so I changed my mind a second time. In truth it was the third; for I had intended that day for Madame de R——, in the Rue St. Pierre, and had devoutly sent her word by her *fille* de chambre

and good sense, that it had reached at last the king's ears;—who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity,—he broke up his little trade, by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a year.

As I have told this to please the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another, out of its order, to please myself;—the two stories reflect light upon each other,—and 'tis a pity they should be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

When states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is,—I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house d'E—— in Britanny into decay. The Marquis d'E—— had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve, and still shew to the world some little fragments of what his ancestors had been;—their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of obscurity.—But he had two boys who looked up to him for light;—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword,—it could not open the way,—the mounting was too expensive,—and simple economy was not a match for it:—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France save Britanny, this was smiting the root forever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see reblossom.—But in Britanny, there being a provision for this, he

availed himself of it; and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an antient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side:—here, said he, take it; and be trusty guardians of it till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the Marquis's sword;—he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked-for bequests from distant branches of his house, returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition. I call it solemn;—it was so to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family: he supported his lady;—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother;—he put his handkerchief to his face twice.—

—There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family,—he reclaimed his sword. His sword was given him; and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of the scabbard:—'twas the shining face of a

friend he had once given up :—he looked attentive along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see wheth it was the same,—when observing a little rust whic it had contracted near the point, he brought it ne his eye, and bending his head down over it,—I thin I saw a tear fall upon the place. I could not be de ceived by what followed.

"I shall find," said he, "some other way to ge "it off."

When the Marquis had said this, he returned hi sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardi ans of it,—and, with his wife and daughter, and hi two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied his feelings!

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I Found no difficulty in getting admittance to Monsieur le Count de B——. The set of Shakespeare was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walked up close to the table, and giving first such a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were,—I told him I had come without any one to present me, knowing I should meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I trusted, would do it for me :—it is my countryman the great Shakespeare, said I, pointing to his works, —*et ayez la bonté, mon cher ami*, apostrophizing his spirit, added I, *de me faire cet honneur-là.*—

The Count smiled at the singularity of the introduction; and seeing I looked a little pale and sick-

isted upon by taking an arm-chair; so I sat
and to save him conjectures upon a visit so
all rule, I told him simply of the incident in
ookseller's shop, and how that had impelled
ther to go to him with the story of a little em-
sment I was under, than to any other man in
e.——And what is your embarrassment? let
ar it, said the Count,——So I told him the sto-
t as I have told it the reader.

–And the master of my hotel, said I, as I con-
l it, will needs have it, Monsieur le Count,
should be sent to the Bastile;—but I have no
hensions, continued I,—for in falling into the
of the most polished people in the world, and
conscious I was a true man, and not come to
e nakedness of the land, I scarce thought I lay
ir mercy—It does not suit the gallantry of
rench, Monsieur le Count, said I, to shew it
st invalids.

animated blush came into the Count de B——'s
s as I spoke this—*Ne craignez rien*—Don't
said he.—Indeed I don't, replied I again.—
es, continued I a little sportingly, I have come
ing all the way from London to Paris; and I
t think Monsieur le Duc de Choiseul is such
emy to mirth, as to send me back crying for
ains.

My application to you, Monsieur le Count de
– (making him a low bow) is to desire he will

e Count heard me with great good nature, or I
ot said half as much,—and once or twice said,
est bien dit. So I rested my cause there,—and
mined to say no more about it.

The Count led the discourse: we talked of indifferent things,—of books, and politicks, and men;—and then of women.——God bless them all! said I, after much discourse about them,—there is not a man upon earth who loves them so much as I do. After all the foibles I have seen, and all the satires I have read against them, still I love them; being firmly persuaded that a man who has not a sort of an affection for the whole sex, is incapable of ever loving a single one as he ought.

Heh bien! Monsieur l'Anglois, said the Count, gaily;—you are not come to spy the nakedness of the land;—I believe you;—*ni encore*, I dare say *that* of our women:—but permit me to conjecture,—if, *par hazard*, they fell into your way, that the prospect would not affect you.

I have something within me which cannot bear the shock of the least indecent insinuation: in the sportability of chit-chat I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and with infinite pain have hazarded a thousand things to a dozen of the sex together,—the least of which I could not venture to a single one to gain heaven.

Excuse me, Monsieur le Count, said I:—as for the nakedness of your land, if I saw it, I should cast my eyes over it with tears in them;—and for that of your women (blushing at the idea he had excited in me) I am so evangelical in this, and have such a fellow-feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on;—but I could wish, continued I, to spy the *nakedness* of their hearts, and, through the different disguises of customs, climates, and religion, find out what is good in them to fashion my own by;—*and therefore* am I come.

It is for this reason, Monsieur le Count, continued I, that I have not seen the Palais Royal, nor the Luxembourg,—nor the Façade of the Louvre,—nor have attempted to swell the catalogues we have of pictures, statues, and churches.—I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in, and see the original drawings, and loose sketches hung up in it, than the transfiguration of Raphael itself.

The thirst of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breast of the connoisseur has led me from my own home into France,—and from France will lead me through Italy;—'tis a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of *nature*, and those affections which arise out of her, which make us love each other,—and the world, better than we do.

The Count said a great many civil things to me upon the occasion; and added, very politely, how much he stood obliged to Shakespeare for making me known to him.——But, *à-propos*, said he;—Shakespeare is full of great things;—he forgot the small punctilio of announcing your name:—it puts you under a necessity of doing it yourself.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

THERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to set about telling any one who I am,—for there is scarce any body I cannot give a better account of than myself; and I have often wish'd I could do it in a single word,—and have an end of

it. It was the only time and occasion in my life I could accomplish this to any purpose;—for Shakespeare lying upon the table, and, recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and, turning immediately to the grave-diggers scene in the fifth act, I laid my finger upon Yorick; and advancing the book to the Count, with my finger all the way over the name,—*Me voici!* said I.

Now, whether the idea of poor Yorick's skull was put out of the Count's mind by the reality of my own, or by what magick he could drop a period of seven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account;—'tis certain, the French conceive better than they combine;—I wonder at nothing in this world, and the less at this; inasmuch as one of the first of our own church, for whose candour and paternal sentiments I have the highest veneration, fell into the same mistake in the very same case:—"He "could not bear," he said, "to look into sermons "wrote by the king of Denmark's jester."—Good, my Lord! said I; but there are two Yoricks. The Yorick your lordship thinks of, has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago: he flourish'd in Horwendillus's court;—the other Yorick is myself, who have flourish'd, my Lord, in no court.——He shook his head.——Good God! said I, you might as well confound Alexander the Great with Alexander the coppersmith, my Lord!——'Twas all one, he replied.

——If Alexander, king of Macedon, could have translated your lordship, said I, I'm sure your lordship would not have said so.

The poor Count de B**** fell but into the same *error*.

——*Et, monsieur, est il Yorick?* cried the Count. ——*Je le suis*, said I.——*Vous?*——*Moi*——*moi qui ai l'honneur de vous parler, Monsieur le Comte.* ——*Mon Dieu!* said he, embracing me,—*Vous êtes Yorick!*

The Count instantly put the Shakespeare into his pocket, and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I COULD not conceive why the Count de B**** had gone so abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakespeare into his pocket.—*Mysteries which must explain themselves, are not worth the loss of time which a conjecture about them takes up:* 'twas better to read Shakespeare; so taking up "*Much ado about* "*Nothing*," I transported myself instantly from the chair I sat in to Messina in Sicily, and got so busy with Don Pedro, and Benedict, and Beatrice, that I thought not of Versailles, the Count, or the passport.

Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!—Long,—long since had ye number'd out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground. When my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rose-buds of delights; and, having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthen'd and refresh'd.—

When evils press sore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new course;—I leave it,—and, as I have a clearer idea of the Elysian Fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like Æneas, into them;—I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken Dido, and wish to recognize it;—I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonours;—I lose the feelings for myself in hers, and in those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely, this is not walking in a vain shadow,—nor does man disquiet himself in vain *by it;*—he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only.—I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B**** entered with my passport in his hand. Mons. le Duc de C——, said the Count, is as good a prophet, I dare say, as he is a statesman. ——*Un homme qui rit*, said the Duke, *ne sera jamais dangereux.*——Had it been for any one but the king's jester, added the Count, I could not have got it these two hours.——*Pardonnez moi*, Mons. le Count, said I, I am not the king's jester.——But you are Yorick?——Yes——*Et vous plaisantez?*——I answered, indeed, I did jest,—but was not paid for it;—'twas entirely at my own expense.

We have no jester at court, Mons. le Count, said I; the last we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II.;—since which time our manners have

been so gradually refining, that our court at present is so full of patriots, who wish for *nothing* but the honours and wealth of our country;—and our ladies are all so chaste, so spotless, so good, so devout,—there is nothing for a jester to make a jest of.

Voila un persiflage! cried the Count.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

As the passport was directed to all lieutenant-governors, governors, and commandants of cities, generals of armies, justiciaries, and all officers of justice, to let Mr. Yorick the king's jester, and his baggage, travel quietly along,—I own the triumph of obtaining the passport was not a little tarnish'd by the figure I cut in it.—But there is nothing unmix'd in this world; and some of the gravest of our divines have carried it so far as to affim, that enjoyment itself was attended even with a sigh,—and that the greatest *they knew of*, terminated, *in a general way*, in little better than a convulsion.

I remember the grave and learned Bevoriskius, in his commentary upon the generations from Adam, very naturally breaks off in the middle of a note, to give an account to the world of a couple of sparrows upon the out-edge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote; and, at last, had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

——'Tis strange! writes Bevoriskius, but the facts are certain; for I have had the curiosity to mark them down, one by one, with my pen;—but

the cock-sparrow, during the little time that I could have finished the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his caresses three-and-twenty times and a half.

How merciful, adds Bevoriskius, is heaven to his creatures!

Ill-fated Yorick! that the gravest of thy brethren should be able to write that to the world, which stains thy face with crimson to copy, even in thy study.

But this is nothing to my travels;—so I twice,—twice beg pardon for it.

CHARACTER.

VERSAILLES.

And how do you find the French? said the Count de B——, after he had given me the passport.

The reader may suppose, that, after so obliging a proof of courtesy, I could not be at a loss to say something handsome to the inquiry.

——*Mais passe, pour cela.*——Speak frankly, said he: do you find all the urbanity in the French which the world give us the honour of?——I had found every thing, I said, which confirmed it.——*Vraiment*, said the Count, *les François sont polis.*——To an excess, replied I.

The Count took notice of the word *excesse*; and would have it I meant more than I said. I defended myself a long time, as well as I could, against it: ——he insisted I had a reserve, and that I would speak my opinion frankly.

I believe, Mons. le Count, said I, that man has a certain compass, as well as an instrument; and that the social and other calls have occasion, by turns, for every key in him; so that, if you begin a note too high or too low, there must be a want either in the upper or under part, to fill up the system of harmony.——The Count de B—— did not understand musick; so desired me to explain it some other way.——A polish'd nation, my dear Count, said I, makes every one its debtor; and, besides, urbanity itself, like the fair sex, has so many charms, it goes against the heart to say it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection that man, take him altogether, is empower'd to arrive at;—if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities than gets them. I must not presume to say how far this has affected the French in the subject we are speaking of;—but, should it ever be the case of the English, in the progress of their refinements, to arrive at the same polish which distinguishes the French, if we did not lose the *politesse du cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions than courteous ones,—we should at least lose that dictinct variety and and originality of character, which distinguishes them not only from each other, but from all the world besides.

I had a few of king William's shillings, as smooth as glass, in my pocket, and, foreseeing they would be of use in the illustration of my hypothesis, I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded so far:——

See, Mons. le Count, said I, rising up, and laying them before him upon the table,—by jingling and rubbing one against another for seventy years to-

gether in one body's pocket or another's, they are become so much alike, you can scarce distinguish one shilling from another.

The English, like ancient medals, kept more apart, and, passing but few people's hands, preserve the first sharpnesses which the fine hand of nature has given them;—they are not so pleasant to feel,—but, in return, the legend is so visible, that, at the first look, you see whose image and superscription they bear. But the French, Mons. le Count, added I, (wishing to soften what I had said,) have so many excellencies, they can the better spare this;—they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and good-temper'd people as is under heaven;—if they have a fault, they are too *serious*.

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, rising out of his chair.

Mais vous plaisantez, said he, correcting his exclamation.——I laid my hand upon my breast, and, with earnest gravity, assured him it was my most settled opinion.

——The Count said he was mortified he could not stay to hear my reasons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc de C——.

But, if it is not too far to come to Versailles to eat your soup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleasure of knowing you retract your opinion,—or, in what manner you support it.—But if you do support it, *Mons. Anglois*, said he, you must do it with all your powers, because you have the whole world against you.——I promised the Count I would do myself the honour of dining with him before I set out for Italy;—so took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

When I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me a young woman with a band-box had been that moment inquiring for me.——I do not know, said the porter, whether she is gone away or not.——I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up stairs; and, when I had got within ten steps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming easily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with: Madame de R—— had sent her upon some commission to a *marchante des modes* within a step or two of the Hotel de Modene; and, as I had fail'd in waiting upon her, had bid her inquire if I had left Paris; and, if so, whether I had not left a letter addressed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was so near my door she returned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two whilst I wrote a card.

It was a fine still evening in the latter end of the month of May,—the crimson window-curtains (which were of the same colour as those of the bed) were drawn close,—the sun was setting, and reflected through them so warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre's* face,—I thought she blush'd;—the idea of it made me blush myself;—we were quite alone, and that superinduced a second blush before the first could get off.

There is a sort of a pleasing half-guilty blush where the blood is more in fault than the man;—'tis sent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies

after it,—not to call it back, but to make the sensa tion of it more delicious to the nerves:—'tis associ ated.

But I'll not describe it;—I felt something at firs within me which was not in strict unison with th lesson of virtue I had given her the night before;— I sought five minutes for a card; I knew I had no one. I took up a pen,—I laid it down again,—m hand trembled:—the devil was in me.

I know as well as any one he is an adversary whom, if we resist, he will fly from us; but I seldon resist him at all, from a terror that, though I ma conquer, I may still get a hurt in the combat;—so gave up the triumph for security; and, instead o thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myself.

The fair *fille de chambre* came close up to the bu reau, where I was looking for a card,—took up firs the pen I cast down, then offer'd to hold me the ink she offer'd it so sweetly, I was going to accept it but I durst not;——I have nothing, my dear, said I to write upon.——Write it, said she, simply, upo any thing.

——I was just going to cry out, then I will write it, fair girl, upon thy lips!

——If I do, said I, I shall perish; so I took he by the hand, and led her to the door, and begg'd she would not forget the lesson I had given her.——She said, indeed she would not, and, as she uttered i with some earnestness, she turn'd about, and gave me both her hands, closed together, into mine;—i was impossible not to compress them in that situation;—I wish'd to let them go; and, all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myself against it, —and still I held them on.—In two minutes I found

I had all the battle to fight over again;—and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were standing.—I had still hold of her hands—(and how it happened I can give no account); but I neither ask'd her, nor drew her, nor did I think of the bed;—but so it did happen, we both sat down.

I'll just shew you, said the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purse I have been making to-day to hold your crown. So she put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it some time;—then into the left.—"She had lost it."——I never bore expectation more quietly;—it was in her right pocket at last; she pull'd it out; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted sattin, and just big enough to hold the crown:—she put it into my hand; it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes with the back of my hand resting upon her lap, looking sometimes at the purse, sometimes on one side of it.

A stitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my stock; the fair *fille de chambre*, without saying a word, took out her little housewife, threaded a small needle, and sewed it up. I foresaw it would hazard the glory of the day, and, as she pass'd her hand in silence across and across my neck in the manœuvre, I felt the laurels shake which fancy had wreath'd about my head.

A strap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was just falling off.——See, said the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot.——I could not from my soul but fasten the buckle in return;

and putting in the strap,—and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to see both were right, in doing it too suddenly, it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her center,—and then—

THE CONQUEST.

Yes,—and then——Ye whose clay-cold heads and lukewarm hearts can argue down or mask your passions, tell me, what trespass is it that man should have them? or how his spirit stands answerable to the Father of spirits but for his conduct under them?

If nature has so wove her web of kindness that some threads of love and desire are entangled with the piece,—must the whole web be rent in drawing them out?—Whip me such stoicks, great Governour of nature! said I to myself:—wherever thy providence shall place me for the trials of my virtue; whatever is my danger,—whatever is my situation,—let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man,—and, if I govern them as a good one, I will trust the issues to thy justice; for thou hast made us, and not we ourselves.

As I finish'd my address, I raised the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room:—she stood by me till I locked the door and put the key in my pocket,—*and then*,—the victory being quite decisive,—and not till then, I press'd my lips to her cheek, and, taking her by the hand again, led her safe to the gate of the hotel.

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

If a man knows the heart, he will know it was impossible to go back instantly to my chamber;—it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the close of a piece of musick, which had call'd forth my affections; therefore, when I let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remain'd at the gate of the hotel for some time, looking at every one who pass'd by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fix'd upon a single object which confounded all kind of reasoning upon him.

It was a tall figure of a philosophick, serious, adust look, which pass'd and repass'd sedately along the street, making a turn of about sixty paces on each side of the gate of the hotel.—The man was about fifty-two, had a small cane under his arm, was dress'd in a dark drab colour'd coat, waistcoat, and breeches, which seem'd to have seen some years service;—they were still clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propreté* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accosting a good many in his way, I saw he was asking charity; so I got a sous or two out of my pocket ready to give him, as he took me in his turn. He pass'd by me without asking any thing,—and yet did not go five steps farther before he ask'd charity of a little woman.—I was much more likely to have given of the two. He had scarce done with the woman, when he pull'd his hat off to another who was coming the same way. An ancient gentleman came slowly, and, after him, a young smart one. He let

them both pass, and ask'd nothing: I stood observing him half an hour; in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably pursued the same plan.

There were two things very singular in this, which set my brain to work, and to no purpose;—the first was, why the man should *only* tell his story to the sex;—and secondly, what kind of story it was, and what species of eloquence it could be, which soften'd the hearts of the women, which he knew 'twas to no purpose to practise upon the men.

There were two other circumstances which entangled this mystery:—the one was, he told every woman what he had to say, in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a secret than a petition:—the other was, it was always successful;—he never stopp'd a woman but she pull'd out her purse, and immediately gave him something.

I could form no system to explain the phenomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuse me for the rest of the evening; so I walk'd up stairs to my chamber.

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I WAS immediately followed up by the master of the hotel, who came into my room to tell me I must provide lodgings elsewhere.——How so, friend? said I.——He answer'd, I had had a young woman lock'd up with me two hours that evening in my bed-chamber, and 'twas against the rules of his

house.——Very well, said I, we'll all part friends then,—for the girl is no worse,—and I am no worse, —and you will be just as I found you.——It was enough, he said, to overthrow the credit of his hotel.—*Voyez vous, Monsieur*, said he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been sitting upon.——I own it had something of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not suffering me to enter into any detail of the case, I exhorted him to let his soul sleep in peace, as I resolved to let mine do that night, and that I would discharge what I owed him at breakfast.

——I should not have minded, Monsieur, said he, if you had had twenty girls,——'Tis a score more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckon'd upon.——Provided, added he, it had been but in a morning.——And does the difference of the time of the day at Paris, make a difference in the sin? ——It made a difference, he said, in the scandal. ——I like a good distinction in my heart; and cannot say I was intolerably out of temper with the man.——I own it is necessary, resumed the master of the hotel, that a stranger at Paris should have the opportunities presented to him of buying lace and silk stockings, and ruffles, *et tout cela*;—and 'tis nothing if a woman comes with a band-box.——O' my conscience, said I, she had one; but I never look'd into it.——Then, Monsieur, said he, has bought nothing.——Not one earthly thing, replied I.——Because, said he, I could recommend you to one who would use you *en conscience*.——But I must see her this night, said I.——He made me a low bow, and walk'd down.

Now shall I triumph over this *maître d'hotel*, cried I;—and what then? Then I shall let him see I know he is a dirty fellow.—And what then?—What then!—I was too near myself to say it was for the sake of others.—I had no good answer left;—there was more of spleen than of principle in my project, and I was sick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the *grisette* came in with her box of lace.——I'll buy nothing, however, said I, within myself.

The *grisette* would shew me every thing.—I was hard to please: she would not seem to see it. She open'd her little magazine, and laid all her laces, one after another, before me;—unfolded and folded them up again, one by one, with the most patient sweetness.—I might buy,—or not;—she would let me have every thing at my own price:—the poor creature seem'd anxious to get a penny; and laid herself out to win me, and not so much in a manner which seem'd artful, as in one I felt simple and caressing.

If there is not a fund of honest cullibility in man, so much the worse;—my heart relented, and I gave up my second resolution as quietly as the first.—Why should I chastise one for the trespass of another? If thou art tributary to this tyrant of an host, thought I, looking up in her face, so much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four Louis d'ors in my purse, there was no such thing as rising up and shewing her the door till I had first laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

—The master of the hotel will share the profit with her;—no matter,—then I have only paid, as

many a poor soul has *paid* before me, for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

When La Fleur came up to wait upon me at supper, he told me how sorry the master of the hotel was, for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's rest will not lie down with enmity in his heart, if he can help it.—So I bid La Fleur tell the master of the hotel, that I was sorry, on my side, for the occasion I had given him;—and you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur, added I, that if the young woman should call again, I shall not see her.

This was a sacrifice not to him, but myself, having resolved, after so narrow an escape, to run no more risks, but to leave Paris, if it was possible, with all the virtue I enter'd it.

C'est deroger à noblesse, Monsieur, said La Fleur, making me a bow down to the ground as he said it. —*Et encore, Monsieur*, said he, may change his sentiments;—and if *(par hazard)* he should like to amuse himself,——I find no amusement in it, said I, interrupting him.

——*Mon Dieu!* said La Fleur,—and took away.

In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious;—something hung upon his lips to say to me, or ask me, which he could not get off: I could not conceive what it

was; and indeed gave myself little trouble to it out, as I had another riddle so much more in esting upon my mind, which was that of the m asking charity before the door of the hotel would have given any thing to have got to the tom of it; and that, not out of curiosity,—'tis so a principle of enquiry, in general, I would not chase the gratification of it with a two-sous pie —but a secret, I thought, which so soon and so tainly soften'd the heart of every woman you c near, was a secret at least equal to the philosoph stone: had I had both the Indies, I would have en up one to have been master of it.

I toss'd and turn'd it almost all night long in brains, to no manner of purpose; and when I aw in the morning, I found my spirits as much t bled with my *dreams*, as ever the king of Bab had been with his; and I will not hesitate to aff it would have puzzled all the wise men of Pari much as those of Chaldea, to have given its in pretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

It was Sunday; and when La Fleur came i the morning, whith my coffee and roll and bu he had got himself so gallantly array'd, I sc knew him.

I had covenanted at Montriul to give him a hat with a silver button and loop, and four L d'ors *pour s'adoniser*, when we got to Paris; and

poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same.——They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing.—I wish'd him hang'd for telling me.——They look'd so fresh, that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the Rue de Friperie.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at Paris.

He had purchased, moreover, a handsome blue sattin waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered;—this was indeed something the worse for the service it had done, but 'twas clean scour'd,—the gold had been touch'd up, and, upon the whole, was rather showy than otherwise;—and as the blue was not violent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: he had squeez'd out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a *solitaire*; and had insisted with the *fripier* upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees.—He had purchased muslin ruffles *bien brodées*, with four livres of his own money;—and a pair of white silk stockings for five more;—and, to top all, nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sous.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair drest in the first style, and with a handsome *bouquet* in his breast.—In a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday;—and, by combining both together, it instantly struck me, that the favour

he wish'd to ask of me the night before, was t spend the day as every body in Paris spent it be sides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when L Fleur, with an infinite humility, but with a look c trust, as if I should not refuse him, begg'd I woul grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis-à-vis d sa maîtresse.*

Now it was the very thing I intended to do my self *vis-à-vis* Madame de R****.—I had retained th remise on purpose for it, and it would not hav mortified my vanity to have had a servaat so wel dress'd as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not argue, in these embarrass ments;—the sons and daughters of service par with liberty, but not with nature, in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters;—no doubt, they have set their self-denials at a price,—and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

Behold,—Behold, I am the servant,—disarms me at once of the powers of a master.

——Thou shalt go, La Fleur, said I.

—And what Mistress, La Fleur, said I, canst thou have pick'd up in so little a time at Paris?——La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said, 'twas a *petite demoiselle*, at Monsieur le Count de B****'s. —La Fleur had a heart made for society; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master,—so that somehow or other,—but how,—heaven knows,—he had connected himself

h the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the stair-case, ing the time I was taken up with my passport; . as there was time enough for me to win the ınt to my interest, La Fleur had contrived to ke it do to win the maid to his. The family, it ms, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made arty with her, and two or three more of the Count's ısehold, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people! that once a week at least are sure lay down all your cares together, and dance and g, and sport away the weights of grievance, which w down the spirit of other nations to the earth.

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

La Fleur had left me something to amuse my-f with for the day more than I had bargain'd for, could have entered either into his head or mine. He had brought the little print of butter upon a rant-leaf; and, as the morning was warm, and had a good step to bring it, he had begg'd a sheet waste paper to put betwixt the currant-leaf and hand.—As that was plate sufficient, I bade him it upon the table as it was; and as I resolv-to stay within all day, I ordered him to call upon *traiteur*, to bespeak my dinner, and leave me to akfast by myself.

When I had finished the butter, I threw the cur-it-leaf out of the window, and was going to do the ne by the waste paper;—but stopping to read a e first, and that drawing me on to a second and

third,—I thought it better worth; so I shut the wi dow, and drawing a chair up to it, I sat down read it.

It was in the old French of Rabelais's time; an for aught I know, might have been wrote by him: it was moreover in a Gothick letter, and that so fa ed and gone off by damps and length of time, it co me infinite trouble to make any thing of it.—threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Euger us,—then I took it up again, and embroiled my p tience with it afresh;—and then, to cure that, wrote a letter to Eliza.—Still it kept hold of me and the difficulty of understanding it, increased b the desire.

I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened m mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again;—an after two or three hours poring upon it, with almo as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon di upon a nonsensical inscription, I thought I mad sense of it; but to make sure of it, the best way, imagined, was to turn it into English, and see how would look then;—so I went on leisurely as a tri ling man does, sometimes writing a sentence,—the taking a turn or two,—and then looking how th world went, out of the window; so that it was nin o'clock at night before I had done it.—I then bega and read it as follows:—

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

——Now as the Notary's wife disputed the poi with the Notary with too much heat,——I wish sai the Notary (throwing down the parchment) th

there was another Notary here, only to set down and attest all this.

——And what would you do then, Monsieur? said she, rising hastily up.—The Notary's wife was a little fume of a woman, and the Notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply.——I would go, answered he, to bed——You may go to the devil, answer'd the Notary's wife.

Now there happening to be but one bed in the house, the other two rooms being unfurnished, as is the custom at Paris, and the Notary not caring to lay in the same bed with a woman who had but that moment sent him pell-mell to the devil, went forth with his hat and cane and short cloak, the night being very windy, and walk'd out ill at ease towards the Pont Neuf.

Of all the bridges which ever were built, the whole world who have pass'd over the Pont Neuf must own, that it is the noblest,—the finest,—the grandest,—the lightest,—the longest,—the broadest that ever conjoin'd land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe.—

By this it seems as if the author of the fragment had not been a Frenchman.

The worst fault which divines and the doctors of the Sorbonne can allege against it, is, that if there is but a cap-full of wind in or about Paris, 'tis more blasphemously *sacre Dieu*'d there than in any other aperture of the whole city,—and with reason, good and cogent, Messieurs; for it comes against you without crying *garde d'eau*, and with such unpremeditable puffs, that of the few who cross it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

The poor Notary, just as he was passing by the sentry, instinctively clapp'd his cane to the side of it; but in raising it up, the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the sentinel's hat, hoisted it over the spikes of the ballustrade clear into the Seine.

——'*Tis an ill wind*, said a boatman, who catch'd it, *which blows nobody any good.*

The sentry, being a Gascon, incontinently twirl'd up his whiskers, and levell'd his arquebuse.

Arquebuses in those days went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, she had borrow'd the sentry's match to light it;—it gave a moment's time for the Gascon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage.—'*Tis an ill wind*, said he, catching off the Notary's castor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

The poor Notary cross'd the bridge, and passing along the Rue de Dauphine into the Fauxbourg of St. Germain, lamented himself as he walked along in this manner:—

Luckless man that I am! said the Notary, to be the sport of hurricanes all my days!—to be born to have the storm of ill language levell'd against me and my profession wherever I go!—to be forced into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempest of a woman!—to be driven forth out of my house by domestick winds, and despoil'd of my castor by pontifick ones!—to be here, bare-headed, in a windy night, at the mercy of the ebbs and flows of accidents!—where am I to lay my head?—Miserable man! what wind in the two-and-thirty points of the whole compass can blow unto thee, as it does to the rest of thy fellow-creatures, good!

As the Notary was passing on by a dark passage, complaining in this sort, a voice called out to a girl, to bid her run for the next Notary.—Now the Notary being the next, and availing himself of his situation, walk'd up the passage to the door, and passing through an old sort of a saloon, was usher'd into a large chamber, dismantled of every thing but a long military pike,—a breast-plate,—a rusty old sword, and bandoleer, hung up equidistant in four different places against the wall.

An old personage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and unless decay of fortune taints the blood along with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay supporting his head upon his hand, in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was set close beside it, and close by the table was placed a chair:—the Notary sat him down in it; and pulling out his ink-horn and a sheet or two of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and dipping his pen in his ink and leaning his breast over the table, he disposed every to make the gentleman's last will and testament.

——Alas! Monsieur le Notaire, said the gentleman, raising himself up a little, I have nothing to bequeath, which will pay the expense of bequeathing, except the history of myself, which I could not die in peace unless I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits arising out of it I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me.—It is a story so uncommon, it must be read by all mankind;—it will make the fortunes of your house.——The Notary dipp'd his pen into his ink-horn.——Almighty Director of every event in my life! said the old gentleman, looking up carnestly, and rais-

ing his hands towards heaven,—Thou, whose han has led me on through such a labyrinth of strang passages down into the scene of desolation, assi the decaying memory of an old, infirm, and broke hearted man!—direct my tongue by the spirit thy eternal truth, that this stranger may set dow nought but what is written in that *book*, from whos records, said he, clasping his hands together, I a to be condemn'd or acquitted!——The Notar held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper an his eye.

——It is a story, Monsieur le Notaire, said th gentleman, which will rouse up every affection i nature;—it will kill the humane, and touch th heart of cruelty herself with pity.——

The Notary was inflamed with a desire to begin and put his pen a third time into his ink-horn;—and the old gentleman, turning a little more towards the Notary, began to dictate his story in these words:——

——And where is the rest of it, La Fleur? said I —as he just then entered the room.

THE FRAGMENT,

AND THE BOUQUET.*

PARIS.

When La Fleur came close up to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me there were only two other sheets of it, which he had wrapped round the stalks of a *bouquet* to keep

* Nosegay.

it together, which he had presented to the *demoiselle* upon the *boulevards*.——Then prithee, La Fleur, said I, step back to her, to the Count de B****'s hotel, and *see if thou canst get it*.——There is no doubt of it, said La Fleur;—and away he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow came back, quite out of breath, with deeper marks of disappointment in his looks than could arise from the simple irreparability of the fragment. *Juste ciel!* in less than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his last tender farewell of her,—his faithless mistress had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen,—the footman to a young sempstress,—and the sempstress to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it.—Our misfortunes were involved together;—I gave a sigh,—and La Fleur echo'd it back again to my ear.

——How perfidious! cried La Fleur.——How unlucky! said I.

——I should not have been mortified, Monsieur, quoth La Fleur, if she had lost it.——Nor I, La Fleur, said I, had I found it.

Whether I did or no, will be seen hereafter.

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

The man who either disdains or fears to walk up a dark entry, may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things; but he will not do to make a good sentimental traveller. I count little of the many things I see pass at broad noon-day, in large

and open streets.—Nature is shy, and hates to ac before spectators; but in such an unobserved cor ner you sometimes see a single short scene of her worth all the sentiments of a dozen French play compounded together,—and yet they are *absolutel* fine;—and whenever I have a more brilliant affai upon my hands than common, as they suit a preach er just as well as a hero, I generally make my ser mon out of 'em;—and for the text,—"Cappadocia "Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia,"—is a good as any one in the bible.

There is a long dark passage issuing out from th *Opera Comique* into a narrow street; 'tis trod by few who humbly wait for a *fiacre*,* or wish to ge off quietly o'foot when the opera is done. At th end of it, towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a smal candle, the light of which is almost lost before yo get half-way down, but near the door;—'tis more fo ornament than use: you see it as a fix'd star of th least magnitude; it burns,—but does little good t the world, that we know of.

In returning along this passage, I discern'd, as approach'd within five or six paces of the door, tw ladies standing, arm in arm, with their backs agains the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre*:—a they were next the door, I thought they had a prio right; so edged myself up within a yard or littl more of them, and quietly took my stand.—I was i black, and scarce seen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a wo man, of about thirty-six; the other, of the same siz and make, of about forty: there was no mark o wife or widow in any one part of either of them;—

* Hackney-coach.

they seem'd to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapp'd by caresses, unbroke in upon by tender salutations. I could have wish'd to have made them happy;—their happiness was destin'd, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expression, and sweet cadence at the end of it, begg'd for a twelve-sous piece betwixt them, for the love of heaven. I thought it singular that a beggar should fix the quota of an alms,—and that the sum should be twelve times as much as what is usually given in the dark. They both seem'd astonish'd at it as much as myself.——Twelve sous! said one.——A twelve-sous piece! said the other,—and made no reply.

——The poor man said, he knew not how to ask less of ladies of their rank; and bow'd down his head to the ground.

——Poo! said they,—we have no money.

The beggar remained silent for a moment or two, and renew'd his supplication.

——Do not, my fair young ladies, said he, stop your good ears against me.——Upon my word, honest man! said the younger, we have no change.——Then God bless you! said the poor man, and multiply those joys which you can give to others without change!——I observed the elder sister put her hand into her pocket.——I'll see, said she, if I have a sous!——A sous! give twelve, said the supplicant; nature has been bountiful to you; be bountiful to a poor man.

——I would, friend, with all my heart, said the younger, if I had it.

——My fair charitable! said he, addressing himself to the elder,—what is it but your goodness and

humanity which makes your bright eyes so sv
that they outshine the morning, even in this
passage! and what was it which made the Mar
de Santerre and his brother say so much of you
as they just pass'd by?

The two ladies seemed much affected; and
pulsively at the same time they both put their h
into their pocket, and each took out a twelve-
piece.

The contest betwixt them and the poor suppli
was no more,—it was continued betwixt themse
which of the two should give the twelve-sous p
in charity;—and, to end the dispute, they both
it together, and the man went way.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

PARIS.

I STEPPED hastily after him: it was the very
whose success in asking charity of the womer
fore the door of the hotel had so puzzled me;—
I found at once his secret, or at least the basis o
—'twas flattery.

Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou
nature! how strongly are all its powers and al
weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou
with the blood, and help it thro' the most diff
and tortuous passages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not straiten'd for t
had given it here in a larger dose: 'tis certain
had a way of bringing it into less form, for the n
sudden cases he had to do with in the streets;

how he contrived to correct, sweeten, concentre, and qualify it,—I vex not my spirit with the enquiry;—it is enough, the beggar gained two twelve-sous pieces,—and they can best tell the rest who have gained much greater matters by it.

PARIS.

We get forwards in the world, not so much by doing services as receiving them: you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground; and then you water it, because you have planted it.

Mons. le Count de B****, merely because he had done me one kindness in the affair of my passport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank; and they were to present me to others, and so on.

I had got master of my *secret* just in time to turn these honours to some little account; otherwise, as is commonly the case, I should have din'd or supp'd a single time or two round; and then, by *translating* French looks and attitudes into plain English, I should presently have seen that I had gold out of the *couvert** of some more entertaining guest; and, in course, should have resigned all my places, one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them.—As it was, things did not go much amiss.

I had the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B****. In days of yore he had signal-

* Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and spoon.

iz'd himsself by some small feats of chivalry in the *Cour d'Amour*, and had dress'd himself out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever since.—The Marquis de B**** wish'd to have it thought the affair was somewhere else than in his brain. "He "could like to take a trip to England;" and ask'd much of the English ladies.——Stay where you are, I beseech you, Mons. le Marquis, said I.——*Les Messieurs Anglois* can scarce get a kind look from them as it is.——The Marquis invited me to supper.

Mons. P****, the farmer-general, was just as inquisitive about our taxes.—They were very considerable, he heard.——If we knew but how to collect them, said I, making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Mons. P****'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been misrepresented to Madame de Q*** as an *esprit*.—Madame de Q*** was an *esprit* herself: she burnt with impatience to see me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my seat, before I saw she did not care a sous whether I had any wit or no;—I was let in to be convinced she had.—I call heaven to witness I never once open'd the door of my lips.

Madame de V*** vow'd to every creature she met, "she had never had a more improving con-"versation with a man in her life."

There are three epochas in the empire of a French woman:—she is coquette,—then deist,—then *devoté*: the empire during these is never lost,—she only changes her subjects: when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominions of the slaves of love, she re-peoples it with the slaves

of infidelity,—and then with the slaves of the church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt the first of these epochas: the colour of the rose was fading fast away;—she ought to have been a deist five years before the time I had the honour to pay my first visit.

She placed me upon the same sofa with her, for the sake of disputing the point of religion more closely. —In short, Madame de V*** told me she believed nothing.—I told Madame de V*** it might be her principle: but I was sure it could not be her interest to level the outworks, without which I could not conceive how such a citadel as her's could be defended;—that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world than for a beauty to be a deist; —that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her;—that I had not been five minutes sat upon the sofa beside her, but I had began to form designs;—and what is it but the sentiments of religion, and the persuasion they had excited in her breast, which could have check'd them as they rose up?

——We are not adamant, said I, taking hold of her hand;—and there is need of all restraints, till age in her own time steals in and lays them on us. —But, my dear lady, said I, kissing her hand,—'tis too—too soon.—

I declare I had the credit all over Paris of unperverting Madame de V***.——She affirmed to Mons. D*** and the Abbe M***, that in one half hour I had said more for revealed religion than all their Encyclopedia had said against it.—I was listed di-

rectly into Madame de V***'s *coterie*;—and she put off the epocha of deism for two years.

I remember it was in this *coterie*, in the middle of a discourse, in which I was shewing the necessity of a *first cause*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the farthest corner of the room, to tell me my *solitaire* was pinn'd too strait about my neck.——It should be *plus badinant*, said the Count, looking down upon his own;—but a word, Mons. Yorick, *to the wise*.——

—And *from the wise*, Mons. le Count, replied I, making him a bow,—*is enough*.

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met.——*Pardi! ce Mons. Yorick a autant d'esprit que nous autres*.——*Il raisonne bien*, said another.——*C'est un bon enfant*, said a third.—And at this price I could have eaten and drank and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but 'twas a dishonest *reckoning*;—I grew ashamed of it.—It was the gain of a slave;—every sentiment of honour revolted against it;—the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggarly system*,—the better the *coterie*;—the more children of art,—I languish'd for those of nature: and one night, after a most vile prostitution of myself to half a dozen different people, I grew sick,—went to bed;—ordered La Fleur to get me horses in the morning to set out for Italy.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now,—to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the sweetest part of France,—in the hey-day of the vintage, when nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up,—a journey through each step of which musick beats time to *labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters;—to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me,—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures,—

Just heaven!—it would fill up twenty volumes;—and alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd it into,—and half of these must be taken up with the poor Maria my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disorder'd maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to enquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the Knight of the Woful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures;—but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door; her looks told me the story before she open'd her mouth.—She

had lost her husband; he had died, she said, of anguish, for the loss of Maria's senses, about a month before.—She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plunder'd her poor girl of what little understanding was left;—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself;—still she could not rest.—Her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road.

—Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whose heart seem'd only to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road, leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar.—She was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand: —a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines;—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper;—and that I would walk after him.

She was dress'd in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted with a silken net.—She had superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green ribband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover: and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle. As I look'd at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string.——"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I look'd in

Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover, or her little goat; for as she utter'd them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then steep'd it in my own,—and then in hers,—and then in mine,—and then I wip'd hers again;—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books, with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me to the contrary.

MARIA.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I ask'd her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before?——She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remember'd it upon two accounts:—that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft;—she had wash'd it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him, in case she should ever see him again; which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket, to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine-leaves, tied round with a tendril.—On

opening it, I saw an *S.* marked in one of the corners.

—She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walk'd round St. Peter's once,—and return'd back:—that she found her way alone across the Apennines,—had travell'd over all Lombardy without money,—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes:—how she had borne it and how she had got supported, she could not tell;—but *God tempers the winds*, said Maria, *to the shorn lamb.*

——Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I:—and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread and drink of my own cup;—I would be kind to thy Sylvio;—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back;—when the sun went down I would say my prayers; and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening-song upon thy pipe: nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart!

Nature melted within me as I utter'd this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steep'd too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream.——And where will you dry it, Maria? said I.——I'll dry it in my bosom, said she;—'twill do me good.

—And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows;—she look'd with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and play'd her service to the Virgin.

—The string I had touch'd ceased to vibrate;—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself,—let her pipe fall,—and rose up.

——And where are you going, Maria? said I.——She said, to Moulines.——Let us go, said I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let the dog follow,—in that order we enter'd Moulines.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

THOUGH I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopp'd to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms;—affliction had touch'd her looks with something that was scarce earthly;—still she was feminine;—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds;—the being who has twice bruised thee, can only bind them up forever.

THE BOURBONNOIS.

THERE was nothing from which I had painted out for myself so joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France; but pressing through this gate of sorrow to it, my sufferings have totally unfitted me. In every scene of festivity I saw Maria in the background of the piece, sitting pensive under her poplar; and I had got almost to Lyons before I was able to cast a shade across her.

—Dear sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw, —and 'tis thou who lift'st him up to heaven!—eternal fountain of our feeling!—'tis here I trace thee, —and this is thy "*divinity which stirs within me;*"—not that, in some sad and sickening moments, "*my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction!*"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself;—all comes from thee, great,—great *Sensorium* of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation.—Touch'd with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish,—hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou giv'st a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains;—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock.—This moment I behold him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous *inclination* looking down upon it!—Oh! had I com

one moment sooner!—it bleeds to death!—his gentle heart bleeds with it!

Peace to thee, generous swain!—I see thou walkest off with anguish,—but thy joys shall balance it;—for happy is thy cottage,—and happy is the sharer of it,—and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of Mount Taurira, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket. As the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made a point of having the shoe fasten'd on again as well as we could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails; and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do I prevailed upon the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster.—It was a little farm-house, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn;—and close to the house, on *one side, was a potagerie* of an acre and a half, full

of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house;—and, on the other side, was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I get to the house,—so I left the postillion to manage his point as he could; and, for mine, I walk'd directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast:—'twas a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and, with a respectful cordiality, would have me sit down at the table: my heart was set down the moment I enter'd the room; so I sat down at once, like a son of the family; and, to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and, taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and, as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mix'd with thanks that I had no seem'd to doubt it.

Was it this? or tell me, nature, what else it was that made this morsel so sweet,—and to what magick I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was so delicious with it that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the supper was to my taste,—the grace which *followed it* was much more so.

THE GRACE.

When supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran altogether into a back apartment to tye up their hair,—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their *sabots*; and, in three minutes, every soul was ready upon a little esplanade before the house to begin.—The old man and his wife came out last, and, placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door.

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the *vielle*,—and, at the age he was then of, touch'd it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now-and-then a little to the tune,—then intermitted,—and join'd her old man again as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement wherein they all seem'd to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld religion mixing in the dance;—but, as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have look'd upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and con-

tented mind was the best sort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay——

——Or a learned prelate either, said I.

THE CASE OF DELICACY.

When you have gain'd the top of Mount Taurira, you run presently down to Lyons ;—adieu, then, to all rapid movements ! 'tis a journey of caution ; and it fares better with sentiments, not to be in a hurry with them ; so I contracted with a *voiturin* to take his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaise safe to Turin, through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honest people ! fear not : your poverty, the treasury of your simple virtues will not be envied you by the world, nor will your vallies be invaded by it.—Nature ! in the midst of thy disorders, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou hast created : with all thy great works about thee, little hast thou left to give, either to the scythe or to the sickle—but to that little thou grantest safety and protection ; and sweet are the dwellings which stand so shelter'd !

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaint upon the sudden turns and dangers of your roads, your rocks, your precipices ; the difficulties of getting up, the horrors of getting down, mountains impracticable,—and cataracts, which roll down great stones from their summits, and block up his road. The peasants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and *Madane* ; and, by the time my voiturin got to the

place, it wanted full two hours of completing, before a passage could any how be gain'd. There was nothing but to wait with patience ;—'twas a wet and tempestuous night ; so that, by the delay and that together, the *voiturin* found himself obliged to keep up five miles short of his stage, at a little decent kind of an inn by the road-side.

I forthwith took possession of my bed-chamber, got a good fire, order'd supper, and was thanking Heaven it was no worse,—when a *voiturin* arrived with a lady in it, and her servant-maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the house, the hostess, without much nicety, led them into mine, telling them, as she usher'd them in, that there was nobody in it but an English gentleman ; —that there were two good beds in it, and a closet within the room which held another. The accent in which she spoke of this third bed, did not say much for it ;—however, she said there were three beds, and but three people,—and she durst say the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters.——I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it, so instantly made a declaration that I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an absolute surrender of my bed-chamber, I still felt myself so much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it ;—so I desired the lady to sit down, pressed her into the warmest seat, call'd for more wood, desired the hostess to enlarge the plan of the supper, and to favour us with the very best wine.

The lady had scarce warm'd herself five minutes at the fire, before she began to turn her head back,

and give a look at the beds; and the oftener she cast her eyes that way, the more they return'd perplex'd.—I felt for her—and for myself; for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the case itself, I found myself as much embarrassed as it was possible the lady could be herself.

That the beds we were to lie in were in one and the same room, was enough simply by itself to have excited all this;—but the position of them (for they stood parallel, and so very close to each other, as only to allow a space for a small wicker chair betwixt them) rendered the affair still more oppressive to us;—they were fixed up, moreover, near the fire, and the projection of the chimney on one side; and a large beam which cross'd the room on the other, form'd a kind of recess for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our sensations;—if any thing could have added to it, it was that the two beds were both of them so very small, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together, which in either of them, could it have been feasible, my lying beside them, though a thing not to be wish'd, yet there was nothing in it so terrible which the imagination might not have pass'd over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offer'd little or no consolation to us: 'twas a damp, cold closet, with a half-dismantled window-shutter, and with a window which had neither glass nor oil-paper in it to keep out the tempest of the night. I did not endeavour to stifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; so it reduced the case in course to this *alternative*,—that the lady should sacrifice her health *to her feelings*, and take up with the closet herself

and abandon the bed next mine to her maid,—or, that the girl should take the closet, &c.

The lady was a Piedmontese of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks. The maid was a Lyonoise of twenty, and as brisk and lively a French girl as ever moved. There were difficulties every way,—and the obstacle of the stone in the road, which brought us into the distress, great as it appeared whilst the peasants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our way now.—I have only to add, that it did not lessen the weight which hung upon our spirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt to each other upon the occasion.

We sat down to supper; and, had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furnish'd, our tongues had been tied up till necessity herself had set them at liberty;—but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, sent down her *fille de chambre* for a couple of them; so that by the time supper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourselves inspired with a strength of mind sufficient to talk, at least, without reserve upon our situation. We turn'd it every way, and debated and considered it in all kinds of lights in the course of a two hours negociation; at the end of which the articles were settled finally betwixt us, and stipulated for in form and manner of a treaty of peace—and, I believe, with as much religion and good faith on both sides, as in any treaty which has yet had the honour of being handed down to posterity.

They were as follow:

First. *As the right* of the bed-chamber is in Monsieur,—*and he thinking* the bed next to the fire to

be the warmest, he insists upon the concession on the lady's side of taking up with it.

Granted, on the part of Madame; with a proviso, that, as the curtains of that bed are of a flimsy transparent cotton, and appear likewise too scanty to draw close, that the *fille de chambre* shall fasten up the opening, either by corking pins, or needle and thread, in such manner as shall be deem'd a sufficient barrier on the side of Monsieur.

2dly. It is required on the part of Madame, that Monsieur shall lie the whole night through in his *robe de chambre.*

Rejected: inasmuch as Monsieur is not worth a *robe de chambre;* he having nothing in his portmanteau but six shirts and a black silk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the silk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article,—for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the *robe de chambre;* and so it was stipulated and agreed upon, that I should lie in my black silk breeches all night.

3dly. It was insisted upon, and stipulated for by the lady, that after Monsieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguished, that Monsieur should not speak one single word the whole night.

Granted, provided Monsieur's saying his prayers might not be deem'd an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which the lady and myself should be obliged to undress and get to bed;—there was one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to devise, protesting as I do it, that if it is not the most delicate in nature, 'tis the fault of his *own imagination,*—against which this is not my first *complaint.*

Now, when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the situation, or what it was, I know not, but so it was, I could not shut my eyes; I tried this side and that, and turn'd and turn'd again, till a full hour after midnight, when nature and patience both wearing out,—O my God! said I.

——You have broke the treaty, Monsieur, said the lady, who had no more sleep than myself.——I begg'd a thousand pardons; but insisted it was no more than an ejaculation.——She maintained 'twas an entire infraction of the treaty.——I maintain'd it was provided for in the clause of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up the point, though she weaken'd her barrier by it; for, in the warmth of the dispute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

——Upon my word and honour, Madame, said I, stretching my arm out of bed by way of asseveration,—

(I was going to have added, that I would not have trespass'd against the remotest idea of decorum for the world)—

—But the *fille de chambre* hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hostilities would ensue in course, had crept silently out of her closet; and it being totally dark, had stolen so close to our beds, that she had got herself into the narrow passage which separated them, and had advanced so far up as to be in a line betwixt her mistress and me;—

So that, when I stretch'd out my hand, I caught hold of the *fille de chambre's*——

END OF THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

YORICK'S

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY CONTINUED,

BY EUGENIUS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

following sheets are not presented to the publick, as the g of Mr. Sterne's pen.

Editor has, however, compiled this continuation of his Sen- l Journey, from motives, and upon such authority, as, he himself, will form a sufficient apology to his readers for its tion.

abrupt manner in which the second volume concluded, seem- bly to claim a sequel; and doubtless, if the author's life had ared, the world would have received it from his own hand, d materials already prepared. The intimacy which subsist- een Mr. Sterne and the editor, gave the latter frequent oc- f hearing him relate the most remarkable incidents of the art of his last journey, which made such an impression on at he thinks he has retained them so perfectly, as to be able nit them to paper. In doing this, he has endeavoured to imi- friend's style and manner; but how far he has been success- his respect, he leaves the reader to determine. The work w, however, be considered as complete; and the remaining y of the readers of Yorick's Sentimental Journey, will st gratified with respect to facts, events, and observations.

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY,

CONTINUED.

THE CASE OF DELICACY COMPLETED.

—CAUGHT hold of the *fille de chambre's*——
What?" says the critick.
land.
No, no, a plain subterfuge, Mr. Yorick," cries
casuist.
Yes, 'tis but too plain," says the priest:
low, I'll venture my black silk breeches, that
e never been worn, but upon this occasion,
inst a dozen of Burgundy, such as we drank last
ıt—for I meant to lay with the lady—that their
ships are all in the wrong.
'Tis scarcely possible," reply these sagacious
tlemen: "the consequence is too obvious to be
istaken."
ow I think, that if we consider the occasion—
vithstanding the *fille de chambre* was as lively a
ıch girl as ever moved, and scarce twenty——if
:onsider that she would naturally have turned
front towards her mistress, by way of covering
breach occasioned by the removal of the cork-
pins——it would puzzle all the geometricians
ever existed, to point out the section my arm

must have formed to have caught hold of the *fille de chambre's*——

But we will allow them the *position*——Was it criminal in me? was I apprized of her being so situated? could I imagine she would come without covering? for what, alas! is a *shift only* upon such an occasion?

Had she, indeed, been as much disposed for taciturnity, as my Parisian *fille de chambre*, whom I first met with her *Egaremens du Cœur*, all would have been well: but this loquacious *Lyonoise* no sooner felt my hand, than she screamed like a stuck pig. Had it contained a poniard, and had I been making an attempt upon her life as well as her virtue, she could not have been more vociferous. *Ah Monseigneur!—Ah Madame!—Monsieur l'Anglois—il y est! il y est!*

Such repeated exclamations soon brought together the hostess and the two voiturins; for as they thought nothing less than bloodshed was going on, their consciences would not let them remain absent. —The hostess, in a tremulous situation, was imploring St. *Ignace*, whilst she crossed herself with the greatest swiftness. The voiturins had forgot even their breeches in the hurry, and therefore had a less claim to decency in appearance than myself; for I had by this time jumped out of bed, and was standing bolt-upright, close to the lady, when we received this visit.

After the first testimonies of surprise had subsided, the *fille de chambre* was ordered to explain the cause of her outcry, and whether any robbers had broke into the inner room. To this she made no reply, but had presence of mind enough to make a precipitate retreat into the closet.

As the explanation rested upon her, and she was unwilling to make it, I should have escaped all censure of suspicion, had I not, most unfortunately, in my tossing and tumbling in bed for want of rest, worked off a very material button upon my black silk breeches; and, by some accident, the other button having slipped its hole, the stipulated article of the breeches seemed to have been entirely infringed upon.

I saw the Piedmontese lady's eye catch the object; and mine pursuing the course of her direction, I beheld what put me more to the blush, tho' in breeches, than the nakedness of the two voiturins, the hostess's tatter'd shift, or even her ladyship's dismantled charms.

I was standing, Eugenius, bolt-upright, close to her, when she made this discovery.——It brought back her recollection——she jumped into bed, and covered herself over with the clothes, ordering breakfast to be got immediately.

Upon this signal our visitors retired, and we had an opportunity of conferring upon the articles of our treaty.

THE NEGOTIATION.

As the security of the corking-pins had been ineffectual for some time, the Piedmontese lady, like an able negotiator, armed herself at all points, before she resumed the conference. She well knew the powers of dress, as well as address;—though, believe me, I thought every argument of her revealed rhetorick insurmountable. But here comes the *caffe*

au lait, and I have scarce time to huddle on my things.

AT BREAKFAST.

Lady. I wonder not, sir, that the misunderstandings between France and England are so frequent, when your nation are so often, and without provocation, guilty of the infraction of treaties.

Yor. Bless me! Madam, recollect yourself; it was stipulated by the third article, that Monsieur might say his prayers;—and I have to this moment done nothing more than ejaculate, though your *fille de chambre*, by her extraordinary, and as yet, unintelligible outcries, threw me into violent convulsions, and such as were very far from being of the pleasantest sort.

Lady. Pardon me, sir, you have infringed upon every article, except the first, which was dictated by external politeness; but even here, the barrier stipulation was broke down.

Yor. Your ladyship will please to observe, that the barrier part of the treaty was broke down by yourself, in the warmth of your argument concerning the third article.

Lady. But then, sir, the breeches?

Yor. There, indeed, madam, you touch me to the quick.——I acknowledge the default;—but it was the effect of accident.

Lady. But it was not the effect of accident that occasioned you to lay violent hands upon my *fille de chambre*.

Yor. Violent hands, madam!——I touched her but with one hand: and a jury of virgins, madam,

could have brought it in nothing more than the chance-medley of sensation.

After this congress, a new treaty was entered into, by which all possible care was taken for the exigencies of inns, beds, corking-pins, naked *fille de chambres*, unlucky breeches, buttons, &c. &c. &c. So that if we had planned a new convention for the demolition of the harbour of Dunkirk, and that of Mardyke, it could not have been done with more political circumspection: nor could one have thought it possible to have been evaded, either by design or accident.

A PROVISION FOR THE POOR.

NATURE! whatever shape thou wearest, whether on the mountains of Nova Zembla, or on the parched soil of the torrid tropics, still thou art amiable! still shalt thou guide my footsteps! with thy help, the life allotted to this weak, this tender fabrick, shall be rational and just. Those gentle emotions which thou inspirest by an organized congeniality in all thy parts, teach me to feel;—instruct me to participate another's woes, to sympathize at distress, and find an uncommon glow of satisfaction and felicity. How then can the temporary, transient misfortunes of an hour cloud this brow, where serenity was wont to fix her reign?—no;—avaunt ye wayward jaundice spleens!——seize on the hypocrite, whose heart recoils at every forged puritanick face;——assail the miser, who sighs even when he beholds his treasures, and thinks of the instability of bolts and *locks*,——Reflect, wretch! on the still

greater instability of life itself; calculate, caitiff, the days thou hast to live——some ten years, or less; ——allot the portion thou now spendest for that period, and give the rest to the truly needy.

Could my prayers prevail, with zeal and reason joined, misery would be banished from earth, and every month be a vintage to the poor!

FRIENDSHIP.

Some over-rigid priest may perhaps imagine my prayer should have preceded breakfast and business, and that then my negotiation with the fair Piedmontese might have been more successful.—It might be so.

My life hath been a tissue of incidents, interwoven by the hand of fortune, after a whimsical but not distasteful pattern: the ground is light and cheerful, but the flowers are so variegated, that scarce any weaver of fancy will be able to imitate it.

A letter from Paris, from London, from you, Eugenius!——Oh, my friend! I'll be with thee, at the Hotel de Saxe, ere you have tarried the double rotation of diurnal reckoning.

THE CONFLICT.

"Then I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit! at "Brussels.—'Tis only returning from Italy through "Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders." What a conflict between love and friendship! Ah *Madame* de L——! the remise door hath ruined

yp eace of mind.——The monk's horn-box recalls u every moment to my sight;——and those eyes, iich view thy fair form in fancy, realize a stream at involuntarily flows!

If ever I wished for an inflexible heart, callous to xiety, and equally insensible to pleasure and to in, 'tis now: but this is blasphemy against the region of sentiment, and I will expiate my crime. —How? I will pay that tribute which is due to iendship, though it cost my affections the toll even life.

THE CASE OF FALSE DELICACY.

When I had embraced this resolution, I began to ink what apology I could politely make to the iedmontese lady for my abrupt departure, and nonrformance of the treaty I had entered into as far Turin. If any part of our former connection had e appearance of being infringed upon, the incints and accidents which occasioned the seeming fraction, might in some measure palliate the cirmstances; but here is a direct violation of our cond treaty, that was so religiously ratified. How en can the potentates of the earth be considered culpable for the renewal of a war, after a *definie treaty of peace*, considering the many unforeen and unexpected events by which the temple of nus may be thrown open!——whilst I was in this liloquy, she entered the room, and told me, that e voiturins were ready, and the mules harnessed, —*Eugenius, if* a blush be a mark of innate modes- *or shame,* and not of guilt, I will confess to thee,

that whilst my face was crimsoned o'er wi
tinge of conscious impropriety, my tongue f
ed, and refused its office.——" Madame" s
" a letter"——and here I stopped. She saw n
fusion, but could not account for it.

" We can stay, sir, till you have wrote yc
" ter."——My confusion increased;——and
not till after a pause of some minutes, when
moned to my aid the powers of resolution and
ship, that I was able to tell her, " I must
" bearer of it myself."

Didst thou ever, when in want of money, a
a dubious friend to assist thee? What then w
feelings, whilst thou wast viewing the agitat
his muscles, the terror or compassion of h
or, sinking the tender emotions of the hea
turning to thee with a malicious sneer, he
thee,——" what security?" Or, wert thou e
amoured with an imperious haughty fair o
whom thou hadst lavished all thy wishes, hop
joys; when having at length marshalled thy
tion to declare thy passion, catching her eye
first opening of thy soul, thou sawest indi
and contempt lurking in each pupil arming
destruction:—then, Eugenius, figure to y
the beauteous Piedmontese collecting all he
and vanity into one *focus*, with female rese
for their engineer.

*C'est la politesse Anglois: mais cela ne c
pas a des honnetes gens.*

" This is English politeness; but it shou
be exercised upon decent people."

Why, in the name of fate, or chance, or fat
or what you will, should the incidents of

the wayward shades of my canvas, draw upon a whole nation such an imputation.

'Twere injurious, fair Piedmontese! But thou art gone, and may the cherubims of felicity attend thee!

OBSTINACY.

This was not the only difficulty I experienced from the alteration in my plan of operations. The voiturin, with whom I had agreed to carry me to Turin, would not wheel about to St. Michael, before he had completed his journey, as he there expected a returning traveller to defray the expense back. I in vain pleaded the advantage he would receive by so short a post, and that he would most probably find somebody there destined to Turin. No;—he was as obstinate as the mules he drove, and there seemed a congeniality of sentiment between them, which might, perhaps, be ascribed to their constant acquaintance and conversation. All my rhetorick, all my reasoning, made as little impression as the excommunications and anathemas religiously and devoutly pronounced by the French clergy against the intruding rats and caterpillars.

Finding there was no other alternative than paying the double fare back, I at length consented; and with my usual philanthropy, began to impute this thirst of gain, so universally prevalent, to some latent cause in our frame, or to some invisible particles of air which we suck in with our first breath, as soon as we are ushered into the world, with a

scream of disapprobation at the journey we ar compelled to perform.

THE CHANCE-MEDLEY OF EXISTENCE.

"THE scream of disapprobation at the journe "we are compelled to perform."——This concei pleased me, and I thought it both new and apposit to my present situation; so getting into the chais with a smile of complacency at the mules, who fo once seemed to have conferred all their pervers disposition on their driver, I revolved in my min some strange unconnected conclusions from th premises of my conceit.

If then, said I, we are forced upon this journey life; if we are brought into it without our knowl edge or consent; and if, had it not been for the fo tuitous concourse of atoms, we might have been tobacco-pipe, or even a tobacco-stopper—a goos or a monkey——why are we accountable for ou passions, our follies, and our caprices? Wet you or I, Eugenius, by some tyrant, compelled t be a courtier, ere we had learn'd to dance, shoul he punish us for the awkwardness of our bod Or, having learn'd to dance, should know nothin of the etiquettes of courts; wherefore make m against my will, a master of the ceremonies, to b to be impaled for my ignorance!——Heroes ar emperors, have been lost in nocturnal imagery, ar Alexander and Cesar might have been bleach *from* existence.

Consider this, Eugenius, and laugh at the boasted self-importance of the greatest monarchs of the earth.

MARIA.

Upon my arrival at Moulines, I enquired after this disconsolate maid, and was informed she had breathed her last, ten days after I had seen her. I informed myself of the place of her burial, whither I repaired; but there was

Not a stone to tell where she lay.

However, by the freshness of the surface of the earth which had been removed, I soon traced out her grave,——where I paid the last tribute due to virtue;——nor did I grudge a tear.

Alas, sweet maid, thou art gone;—but it is to be numbered with angels, whose fair representative thou wast upon earth.——Thy cup of bitterness was full, too full to hold, and it hath run over into eternity.——There wilt thou find the gall of life converted into the sweets, the purest sweets of immortal felicity.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

After having paid these sincere obsequies to the manes of Maria, I resumed my chaise, and fell into a train of thinking on the happiness and misery of mankind: this reverie, however, was presently

interrupted by the clashing of swords in a thick adjoining to the road. I ordered the postillion stop, and, getting out, repaired to the spot fro whence the noise issued. It was with some difficu ty I reached the place, as the path which led to was meandering and intricate.

The first object which presented itself to m view, was a handsome young man, who appeared t be expiring, in consequence of a wound he ha just received from another not much older, wh stood weeping over him, whilst he held the blood instrument of destruction reeking in his hand.—— stood aghast for some moments, on seeing this mel ancholy spectacle. When I had recovered mysel from the surprise into which it had thrown me, enquired the cause of this bloody conflict; but re ceived no other answer than a fresh stream of tear

At length, wiping away the briny flood which wa tered his cheek, with a sigh he uttered, " my hon " our, sir, compelled me to the deed; my conscienc " condemned it:——but all remonstrance was vain " and through the bosom of my friend I have pierc " ed my own heart, whose wounds will never heal.' Here a fresh gush of wo issued from the source o sorrow, which seemed inexhaustible.

What is this phantom, honour! that plunges dagger where it should offer balsam? traitor, per fidious traitor! thou that stalkest at large under th habit of ridiculous custom, or more ridiculous fash ion, which, united by caprice, have become a law— a code of laws!——Equally unknown to our fore fathers, unknown to those we style unpolished an *barbarous*, you are reserved for this age of luxury *learning*, and refinement; for the seat of the mu

us, the residence of the graces.——Ah! is it possible? are ye not the fair representatives of gratitude, which so often runs counter to honour, and her fallacious blandishments?

GRATITUDE.

A FRAGMENT.

——GRATITUDE being a fruit which cannot be produced by any other tree than beneficence, must necessarily, from having so noble an origin, so divine a descent, be a perfect virtue.

I shall not, for my part, says *Multifarius Secundus*, hesitate to place it at the head of all the other virtues; especially as the Omnipotent himself requires no other at our hand;——this alone affording all the others necessary for salvation.

Even the Pagans held this virtue in such high esteem, that, in honour of it, they imagined three divinities, under the name of the graces, whom they distinguished by the names of *Thalia*, *Aglaia*, and *Euphrosyne*. These three goddesses presided over gratitude, judging, that one alone was not sufficient to do honour to so rare a virtue. It is to be observed, that the poets have represented them naked, in order to point out, that, in cases of beneficence and acknowledgment, we should act with the utmost sincerity, and without the least disguise. They were depicted vestals, and in the bloom of youth; to inculcate, that good offices should ever be remembered in their most verdant freshness; that our gratitude ought never to slacken or sink under

the weight of time; and that it behoves us to sea for every possible occasion to testify our sensibi of benefits received. They were represented w a soft and smiling mien, to signify the joy we sho feel, when we can express our sense of the obli tions we owe; their number was fixed to thr to teach us that acknowledgments should be thr fold, in proportion to the benefit received; and tl were described as holding each other by the ha to instruct us, that obligations and gratitude sho be inseparable.

Thus have we been taught by the Pagans, wh we condemn!—Christians, remember you are th superiors;——show your superiority in virtue.

THE FELLOW TRAVELLER.

WHILST the unfortunate stranger was lamenti the destruction of his friend, he forgot his own sa ty.——Perceiving some horsemen at a distan and conjecturing, that, having gained intelligen of the intended duel, they might, perhaps, be co ing in search of the combatants, I intreated him get into my chaise, which should carry him with possible speed to Paris, where he could either c ceal himself till the affair was settled in his favo or escape to any part of Europe.

My remonstrances had their proper effect, a with little farther entreaty, I prevailed on him to my companion and fellow-traveller.

By the time we had got about a league from *fatal spot,* I observed the moisture of his eyes *minished,* his bosom throbbed with less energy,

his whole frame began to tranquillize. We had not yet broke silence since my resuming the chaise; when, finding his propensity to make me acquainted with the cause of his misfortune increase, I politely, though not impertinently, urged him to the task.

THE STORY.

"I AM, said he, the son of a member of the parliament of Languedoc. Having finished my studies, I went to reside for some months at Paris, where I formed an acquaintance with a gentleman somewhat younger than myself, who was a man of rank, and the heir to a considerable fortune, and who had been sent thither by his relations, as well for improvement, as to estrange him from a young lady of inferior rank and fortune, who seemed too much to have engrossed his attention.

"He revealed to me his passion for this young lady, who, he said, had made so great an impression on him, that it was not in the power of time or absence to obliterate her dear image from his bosom. They kept up a constant correspondence by letters: those from her seemed to breathe the purest accents of sympathetick love. He consulted me how he should act, and I advised him always to the best of my judgment. I could not pretend to dissuade him from loving the lady, whose form, he told me, was the representation of Venus: and, if it is possible to be enamoured with a portrait drawn by such a warm admirer, that, surely, had the power of exciting all the emotions of the tender passion. I

therefore applauded his choice; and, as our sentiments entirely agreed upon the impotence of wealth and grandeur, when placed in competition with happiness, we considered the tyranny of parents, in compelling their children to marry against their inclinations, as the greatest of all temporal evils.

"About this time, I received a letter from my father, ordering me to return home. As there was something very positive in the command, without any reason being assigned, I was apprehensive that some of my little gallantries, which, you know are inevitable at Paris, had reached his ears; and therefore prepared myself for the journey with a contrite heart and a penitential aspect. I had indeed the more reason for this gloominess, as my last remittance, which was to have served me three months, was exhausted at the end of the first, and there was no possibility of travelling without money. But my generous friend anticipated even a hint upon the occasion; and, presenting me with a small box, which he begged I would keep for his sake, I found in it a draught upon a banker for a larger sum than I required to perform the journey.

"As he never omitted any opportunity of writing to his dear Angelica, he begged I would deliver a letter to her, as she resided in my father's neighbourhood, and also his picture, which had been executed by one of the most celebrated artists in Paris, and was richly set with brilliants, for a bracelet.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

"It was with the greatest reluctance I left Paris and its various amusements; but they did not affe

me nearly so much as the loss of my friend's company, as we had lived together upon the footing of brothers, and were by some called Pylades and Orestes. On my way, every stage brought me nearer, I thought, to parental reproach for my follies and extravagance, and I prepared myself to receive the severest castigation with the humility and respect due from a son (a prodigal son) to his father.

"But what was my surprise, when, running to meet me at the gate, with joy depicted in his countenance, he exclaimed, "My son, this mark of your "ready obedience endears you still more to me, and "renders you worthy the good fortune that awaits "you." I thanked him for the kindness he expressed for me, but testified my surprise at this good fortune he talked of. "Walk in, said he, and "that mystery will be revealed." Saying this, he introduced me to an elderly gentleman, and a young lady; adding, "Sir, this is to be your wife."

"There was an honest sincerity and friendly bluntness in my father, very different from the fawning of court sycophants, a species of beings he had ever been estranged from.

"The young lady blushed, whilst I stood motionless; my tongue was deprived of the powers of utterance, my hands forgot their office, and my legs tottered under me. Surprised at the sight of so much beauty and innocence, I had not time to reflect, but found a thousand Cupids at once seize upon my heart, and force it into inevitable captivity.

"As soon as I recovered myself from the consternation this unexpected event had thrown me into, I paid my respects to the company in the best manner I was able, and was wished joy upon my

happy alliance, as if the nuptials had really place. It is true, it was impossible to view vine an object without being enamoured; o have judged my lot completely happy, when ther's approbation had forerun my own.

THE INTERVIEW.

"Dinner was served, when mirth and f reigned in every countenance, except that of tended bride: this I ascribed to her modes bashfulness at my sudden arrival, and abrup duction. I took the earliest opportunity of alone with her, to unfold my sentiments, a quaint her with the deep impression she ha upon my heart.

"Soon after dinner this opportunity oc Walking in the garden, we found ourselves s tered from the rest of the company, in a little which nature, in her kindest hours, seemed t destined for the retreat of lovers. "Mada "I, after the declaration which has been ma "our happy introduction, with the consent c "our fathers, I flatter myself I shall not offe "when I tell you, that there is nothing want "complete my felicity, and make me the hap "beings, but your telling me that the a "which is going to take place, is as agree "you as it seems to every one else. Oh! t "my angel, that I am not forced upon you "at least, I may hope to enjoy some small s "*your* affections:——for the most earnest

"ty, and the most constant desire of pleasing you, "shall be the task of my whole life."

"Sir, replied she, there is a noble candour in "your countenance, which must abhor deception. "Were I to tell you I could ever love you, I should "be guilty of the greatest deception. It is impos- "sible."

"Heaven! what do I hear!—Impossible to love "me!——Am I then of so hideous, so monstrous a "form?——Hath nature cast me in so barbarous a "mould, that I am repugnant to the sight, and de- "testable to the fairest and most amiable of the cre- "ation!—If so"—

"No, sir, you wrong nature, and injure yourself "——your mien is graceful, your person elegant, "your countenance pleasing, and every embellish- "ment of art seems exhausted upon you!—but it "is my cruel lot."——Here a stream of tears stop- ped her farther utterance.——

"Oh! Madam, said I, kneeling, I beseech you "to hear the prayer of the most earnest of your "suppliants.——It is not because the mandates of "a parent may seem to entitle me to your hand;— "I scorn to force it, or have it without your heart: "—but I beseech you to endeavour to let me merit "you, and convince you of the reality of my pas- "sion, which is ardent as it is insurmountable."

"Heaven! what was my surprise, when uttering these last words, I perceived my friend, my honour- ed friend, rushing from behind the thicket, and drawing his sword—

—"Villain, exclaimed he, thou shalt pay for thy "treachery."

"*The lady* fainting, he sheathed his sword to as-

sist her. When she was carried into the house, he bid me follow him. Unknowing how I had offended, or by what magick he could be at my father's house, when I thought him in Paris, I accompanied him. As we walked on toward the forest, he thus explained himself:

"Sir, your treachery to me I was acquainted with "a few hours after your departure from Paris; and "though you thought proper to conceal the subject "of your journey from me, the whole city echoed "with your nuptials before night. I accordingly "set out post directly, and, as you find, have come "in time to prevent your union with Angelica."

"Angelica! said I——Heaven knows how un-"justly you accuse me:—I was ignorant that this "was Angelica."

"Childish evasion? said he; this may impose on "fools and drivellers——but I must have other sat-"isfaction.—Have you delivered my letter and pic-"ture?"

"No;——it was impossible."

"Villain, villain!——No—you thought it more "prudent to recommend your own suit——I heard "every word that passed, and therefore it is need-"less to add to your guilt, by the violation of "truth."

"In vain did I expostulate with him, to prove my innocence;—in vain did I promise to give up all my pretensions to Angelica, and travel to the most distant parts of the world to forget her; he was inexorable.—It was impossible for me to convince him that I had not deceived him at Paris, or *that I* had not known it was Angelica to whom I *proposed* paying my addresses. In a word, we

reached the spot where you found us, when, with the greatest reluctance, I drew to defend myself, after being branded with the repeated epithet of *dastardly coward*, and *infamous poltroon*.——You know the rest."

Here a flood of tears concluded my fellow-traveller's narration, and seemed a very pertinent epilogue.

THE INN.

This affecting story had preyed so much upon my spirits, and I had entered so deep into the circumstances, that I was very glad to see a little inn on the side of the road, as I stood in great need of some refreshment.

The hostess, who welcomed us soon after we entered, was a comely well-looking woman, *embonpoint*, neither old nor young; or, as the French express it, *d'un certain age*;——which, by the way, is a very uncertain method of determining it: I shall therefore class her about thirty-eight. A Cordelier was taking his leave of her, and there was reason to judge, from the sanctity with which she eyed him, she had been at confession. Her handkerchief was somewhat rumpled, and deficient in a few pins; the center of her cap was also not directly upon the center of her head; but this may be attributed to the fervour of her devotion, and the hurry in which she was called to salute her new guests.

We called for a bottle of champaign, when she told me, "she had some of the best in all France: "that she perceived I was an Englishman; and

"though the two nations were at war, she would "always do justice to individuals, and must own, "that *my lords Anglois* were the most generous "*Seigneurs* in Europe; that she should therefore "think herself guilty of much injustice, if she were "to offer an Englishman a glass of wine which "was not fit for the *grand Monarque*."

There was no disputing with a female upon so delicate a subject; and therefore, though my companion, with myself, judged it the worst bottle of champaign we had ever tasted, I highly applauded it, as highly paid for it, and as highly complimented my landlady for her *politesse*.

On our arrival at Paris, I set down my fellow-traveller at his old lodgings in *La Rue Guenigaud*, where he proposed disguising himself in the habit of an Abbé, a character the least taken notice of in that city except they are professed wits, or determined criticks. He promised to meet me at the *Caffe Anglois*, over against the *Pont Neuf*, at nine, that we might sup together, and deliberate on the steps necessary to be taken for his security. It was now five, so that I had four hours of lounging and lodging-hunting:——how then could I better employ my time, than in a short (perhaps a long) conference with the agreeable *Marchande de Gands*?

In the first place no woman in the whole city, was better informed where lodgings were to be let; her shop was a kind of *bureau d'addresse* for empty hotels. This, indeed, I did not know when I entered her shop:——but why should the circumstance be less in my favour, because I was not pre-acquainted *with it*? In the second place, no female had more *early* intelligence with respect to the news of the

l it was necessary I should know if my affair had yet reached the capital: but this learn with caution and address; it was e necessary we should retire into the back

THE TILT OF ARMS.

PARIS AND LONDON.

—thy emblem is a ship;—yet thy Seine vigable.—Take London's cross—(you may bloody dagger in the straits of Dover and to cleanse its sanguinary blade) and with it n *Notre Dame*; whilst thy ship sails with up the Thames, and casts anchor in the ommerce.

ich of the nine hundred streets—— I mean f this capital of the world——(for who can a Parisian's word, who never had excursed the gates?)——I say, in which shall I take dging?—But softly:—there lives my beau- *rchande de Gands.*—Those silken eye-lash- e she is at the door——the nets of love fa- poets are surely realized by them.—— *ne, la fortune m'a jette encore une fois dans uartier sans y penser——Comment se porte, ne?"—"Amerveille, Monsieur:—charmée voir?"*

urbanity in a stranger!—what a polite lan- ——and how happily expressed by a glover's

THE BACK SHOP.

We had not made this retreat many minut
fore my beautiful *Marchande* had run over
news of the day. I was presently informed of
fresh connection between the opera-dancers, *le*
d'honneur, et les filles de joye, avec My Lor
glois les Barons Allemands, et les Marquis I
The rapidity with which she dispatched the
nections, could be compared to nothing but t
rent of the Rhone, or the fall of Niagara. I ha
ed in more scandal in the space of ten minute
would have furnished a modern Atalantis
with memoirs for a couple of volumes. " B
" she, *à propos*:—have you seen any of ou
manufacture of gloves ?"——" What are the
asked——Upon which she took down a band-b
and produced a very curious collection. "
said she, are *les gands d'amour* : they were in
par Mr. le Duc de ——. The cause was si
and worth mentioning. " *Madame la Duche*
" for her cicisbeo a Scotch officer, who ha
" eruptions of a particular kind.——You kn
" that that nation has a disorder peculiar to
" selves, as well as we ;——all countries hav
" misfortunes.——Madame's *valet de chamb*
" his master in confidence, that he was afraid
" *Capitaine* had communicated something to
" dyship that he did not dare mention. *Qui es*
" *c'est ?* What is it, said the duke ?——*Ce n'*
" *la gale ?* It is not the itch ? The valet sh
" up his shoulders, and the duchess entered. *I*
" *tesse* would not allow the duke to proceed.

:laircissement with his lady; he therefore set
ıout divining a means to avoid the infection. He
ıd heard of an English colonel who had hit up-
ı a lucky expedient, in a case not unsimilar; but
s name, which the manufacture bore, was so
rbarous, that it could never be pronounced with
cency; he therefore called his device *les gands*
ımour, and now they are in great esteem through-
t Paris. But I should have informed you, the
chess was never inoculated, and that she died of
e small-pox a few months after. Her physicians,
is said, mistook her disorder; and having nev-
been in your country, and forgot that *la gale* or
y other disorder, whether cutaneous or not;
ght be transplanted hither, I hope," continued
casting a most amorous leer through those
ıtiful eye-lashes, which penetrated farther than
ıught it possible for a single look to perforate,
ıt you'll be a customer!—you'll certainly wear
ɜm when they are so universally the fashion."
ıying this, she produced some of various sizes
patterns; but I objected to most of them, as be-
:oo large for my hand. At length she produced
ir which I thought were near the mark: "I'll
them on, sir;—but your hand must be very
ıall to fit these." "It is rather warm now, Mad-
ıe; so that I believe you may try a size larger."
placed herself on my side, and with both her
.s had almost affected the design, when her hus-
. passed through the parlour;—who nodding
ıead as he passed, said, "*Faites——faites—ne*
ıges pas."

THE EFFECT.

I KNOW not how to account for it; but I always found something of a tremour come over me, when I was detected by a lady's husband in private conversation with her, though in the most innocent attitude.——That ours was the most innocent in the world at this time, cannot possibly be controverted:——besides, it was a matter of business. Who could blame a female vender of gloves for trying them on in the back shop?

But, be this as it may, the unexpected arrival of the *bon homme* had almost rendered the gloves useless,—my hand shook so (by what kind of sympathy I know not), that it was unable to do its office: it slipt through the glove and fell from the fair one's hand. "*Mon Dieu!*" said she; "*qui est ce que vous avez?*" To which I replied with much propriety,——"*Ma foi, Madame, je n'ai rien.*" You are ill, sir——take a drop of "*liqueur;*" which she immediately produced from an adjoining closet. The cordial was of some efficacy; but not sufficient to remove the perturbation of my spirits, occasioned solely by the entrance of the husband: so that I had not resolution sufficient to undergo a second trial of the gloves from her fair hand; but I desired her to put up a couple of pair of the smaller size. She asked me what colour.—I replied, black.——"*Comment,*" said she, "*avec des rubans noir, sans etreen deuil.*" But I cleared up this, by telling her, a clergyman, though not in mourning, could not in decency wear any gloves (even *gands d'amour*) of a gay colour.

The subject of my first entrance into this lady's shop, may be thought to have evaporated in the trying on the gloves, and the fright from the host.—— But the truth is, I had taken my measures in the fore-shop before our retreat. I mean, I had secured a lodging; and as to the intelligence concerning my unfortunate fellow-traveller, it did not come within the compass of her knowledge. This much I thought due to myself, and to my new acquaintance.

SLANDER.

I DOUBT not, from the good nature and candour of my former criticks, that the last chapter will be subpœna'd against me, in the monthly trials of authors, *without jury*; and that I shall be pronounced by that bench of judges, such as they are, guilty of high treason against the kingdom of decency, for penning the same, though there is not therein a dash, star, or asterisk, which in my work have constantly alarmed their virtue. But as I shall be among my peers, I enter the following protest:

"I DO not agree to the said resolution, because I "am thoroughly convinced they do not understand "the said chapter; and because, without they enter "into a complete explanation thereof, I must be of "opinion, that it is above their comprehension.

"YORICK."

THE OPERA GIRL.

It hath ever been a rule with me, to think the pleasures of this world of no benefit, unless enjoyed. I had two pair of *gands d'amour* in my pocket scarcely tried on——I went to the opera, finding, my dear Eugenius, that you were not arrived, and saw Mademoiselle *De le Cour* dance *a merveille.*—— I beheld the finest limbs from the parterre, that could possibly have been chiseled by a Protogenes, or Praxiteles. I conversed with the Abbé de M—— upon the subject.—He said he would introduce me to her. I waited upon her to her coach, and had the honour of handing her into it. She gave my hand such a squeeze, upon being informed that I was an Englishman, that I felt an emotion immediately at my heart communicated from the extremity of my fingers, which may be better imagined than described.

She gave us an elegant *petit souper*, and the Abbé hastily retired after drinking a single glass. The conversation had already taken a turn towards the tender passion; I was expatiating upon sentimental felicity, and setting forth all the blandishments of Platonick love, when she burst into a loud laugh—saying, she frankly owned she was not a professed disciple to my system, and thought it would go down much better with a sprinkling of the practical.

At any other time I should have been disgusted with the grossness of the thought in a female; but at present I was disposed for a frolick, and gave her *a bumper* to *Vive la bagatelle*. I showed her my

new purchase, and asked her whether I should be in the fashion. She said they were of a scanty pattern, though *a la grec ;* but recommended me for the future always to have my gloves *a la mousquetaire.*

Just as we had come to a final resolution upon this interesting subject, Sir Thomas G—— was announced. The servant attempted to open the door; but finding it made some resistance, as it was by accident bolted on the inside, his confusion was greater than ours.—He imagining the knight at his heels, did not dare turn to inform him of the impediment, but whispered through the key-hole, "*Madame le Chevalier s'y trouve :*" the *gands d'amour*, however, were come into play, and she was pulling one on *plus badinant* than even the *Marchande* herself. It was when she had brought herself to approve of the fitting—that this fatal whisper once more disconcerted the trial of the duke's noble invention, "*Cachez vous sous le lit,*" said Mademoiselle La Cour.

Was ever ecclesiastick in such a piteous predicament ! Sir Thomas G—— would have been very glad to have seen Yorick in any other situation; but Mademoiselle la Cour had persuaded him she never had any male visitors except himself: and to prove he believed her, he flung an hundred louis d'ors into her lap every Sunday morning.

My mortification would not have been so very great, if an early retreat into the bed-chamber had not rendered my situation almost intolerable. My rival triumphed over me without knowing it; and I was compelled to perform the character of Mercury under all these disadvantages, in spite of my teeth.

THE RETREAT.

It was finely said of the Duke of Marlboro that the only part of generalship he was acquai with, was retreating. Love has often been com ed to war, and with much propriety. When I tho to have carried La Cour by a *coup de main*, ar with *les gands d'amour*, the commander in made a sally, and compelled me to a most disgr ful capitulation. " How dissimilar to the con " of the Duke of Marlborough! said I——Can " ever be told in my Sentimental Journey?—— " I've not abandoned the place."——Just as I made these reflections, La Cour put her hand d to the side of the bed, and I had an opportuni kissing it without being perceived.

Sir Thomas having, as he thought, secured garrison, retired from his post.—To quit the m phor——I had an opportunity of making a de retreat, without danger, about four in the morr

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NOTHING.

" About *four in the morning!* says the ill-natu " reader.—What then were you doing till that h " —with an opera-dancer, a *fille de joye?*" To wh " I answer literally, *nothing*. " No!——Mr. Yor " this imposition is too gross to pass upon us e " from the pulpit. What did you do with the *ga* " *d'amour*—invented to avoid infection? Did " Mademoiselle La Cour resume her applicatio " *try them* on, and make them sit close?—If

what was the event?"——Once more I reply—*othing*.

How hard it is, my dear Eugenius, to be pressed o divulge an imaginary truth, or rather a falsity? f I were to be interrogated these ten years——I ould add nothing to the reply——but *nothing! -nothing!—nothing!*

"Poor Mademoiselle La Cour!" says the satirist;—you had reason then to wish Monsieur Yorick had been *retrousse a mousquetaire*." But, Mr. ritick, this is *nothing, nothing* at all to the purpose. —"No more is this chapter," says the *snarler*. Why then, here is an end of it.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Turning the corner of the *Rue La Harpe*, upon ıy retreat from Madame La Cour, the morning beinning to dawn, I heard a voice from a *fiacre*, cryıg *hist, hist, hist*. This, to a theatrick performer, a dramatick writer, would, perhaps, have been a ery grating sound; indeed, were he inclined to suerstition, he might have considered it as a forebod- of future d——na——n; but as I never exhibited pon the stage, or ever wrote a comedy, tragedy, or rce, the sounds were not so very dissonant to my ırs as they otherwise might have been.

Turning about, I perceived my temporary Abbé opping his head out of the *fiacre* window, and beckıing to me. "Heaven! said I, what can this mean! —he is taken up by the *Marechausse*, or the *Chasseurs*, and is conducting to the Chatelet, or Bicetre."——Not so: his honest landlord having given

him intelligence that these gentry were in search of him, and advised him to make a retreat, early in the morning, to avoid the consequences, he was setting out for Flanders, to get beyond the jurisdiction of their power.

I was both happy and miserable on the occasion, —I was wretched, to think this unfortunate young man was thus harassed, for an event which he would have used his utmost endeavours to have prevented;——but I was also pleased to think he would, in some hours, be beyond the frontiers of France, and out of the reach of her miscalled justice.

In taking my leave of him, after a very tender scene, I could not help hinting to him, that so precipitate a departure, and so long a journey, might exhaust his finances sooner than he expected; and that as money was the sinew of every thing which was vigorous, if he would borrow my purse, I would call upon him, in my return to England, and, if convenient to him, then accept of a reimbursement.

Had I gone through Flanders, the cupidity of a recovery of the kind would the least have engaged my attention.

He replied, he had a sufficient sum to carry him to Nieuport, and from thence he would write to his friends.

Oh! Eugenius, thou knowest my feelings upon this occasion. I did not dare press him, for fear of offending a delicacy I myself was too susceptible of. ——I retired with a flood of tears, as involuntary as they were sincere.

THE CONSUMMATION.

My ideas were too scattered and eccentrick to be composed in sleep——I took a *fiacre*, and drove all round Paris. It is strange that passions, which are the gales of life, and, under a certain subordination, the only incentives to action, should at the same time create all our misery, all our misfortunes. I could not refrain repeating with Pope,

> Why charge mankind on heav'n their own offence,
> And call their woes the crimes of Providence?
> Blind, who themselves their miseries create,
> And perish by their folly not their fate.

Just as I had uttered these lines (which by the by would have been more sonorous, and of course more affecting, in their original Greek, and in the words of my old friend Homer,) I perceived an inscription over a door, which a good deal puzzled me.

L'on fait noces ici.

Whilst I was gazing at this uncommon information, my ears were regaled with some very pleasing musick, which was playing to a set of convivial friends at a dance. I ordered the *fiacre* to stop, and inquired whether I might not *faire noces ici.*

I cannot help remarking in this place, that a *coachman* and his *coach* are looked upon in Paris, to be so equally inanimate, that it is the same expense to draw upon and run through the one, as the other: and also, that the performance of the nuptial rites, *though much* boasted of by every married and un-

married man in Paris, prevails more upon the o side of the walls, than withinside of the houses.

L'ON FAIT NOCES ICI.

"*J'en suis bien aise*, said I; it suits the gloo "habit of my soul, and love alone can remove it

When the *cocher* had brought the master of house to the door, and informed him that an Engl gentleman proposed to *faire noces*,—the question put was, how many *soupes*, how many *tourtes*, h many *fricassees*, and how much *musick*?

To which I replied, none.

Monsieur l'Hote shrugged up his shoulders, s said, "*Pauvre Monsieur Anglois il est gris.*"

THE TRAITEUR.

ALTHOUGH the price of running through a *coc* or a *fiacre* (either animate or inanimate) is stipu ed to a *liard*, the putting to death a *traiteur* is a v serious affair, and might be attended with very s ous consequences. The *etiquette* and *punctilio* killing a man in France, form a science of th selves, and are as useful a kind of knowledge quadrille or picquet. Having made some short s dy of these matters, I judged it prudent only to *able*, *peste*, and *f——e* a little, and bid the coachr drive home to my lodgings.

LA FILLE DE JOYE.

SCARCE had I entered into *La Rue St. Jacq* before I perceived a party of the *Guet* hurrying

young woman into a coach, whilst she was weeping with great bitterness, and imploring their mercy. ——Mercy! thou divine attribute, estranged from the brutal breasts of such violators of humanity!

As my coach passed, she gave a look towards me, that pierced me to the heart.—I ordered my coachman to turn, and follow the vehicle in which was the fair prisoner.

It being now near seven in the morning, they conducted her directly to the *Commissaire*. When they stopped, my heart panted with secret joy, on finding the house belonged to Monsieur de L——, my intimate acquaintance. On alighting, and giving in my name, I was told he was not yet up. The young woman was conducted into a kind of office, while I was ushered into the closet of the *Commissaire*, which commanded a view of the office.

After an uncommon flood of tears, she wiped her face with her handkerchief; when I presently discovered the features (though much blotted with crying) of my pretty little *fille de chambre*, whom I first met with her *egaremens de Cœur*. "Heavens! said "I, is this possible! do not my eyes deceive me? "No—it is she—my sympathetick heart involunta- "rily led me to her assistance; and if Mr. de L—— "hath the least susceptibility of sentiment in his, "this unfortunate young woman shall not fall a sa- "crifice to——"

Just as I had come to this resolution, the *Commissaire* entered; and after many compliments and some professions of friendship, I seized upon the opportunity of telling him, he had it now in his power to convince me of the sincerity of his asser-

tions. He required an explanation, and I gave him one.

To this he replied, "it would be impossible to "afford the young woman any relief till he had "heard the allegations against her; but that if there "was a possibility of mitigating her punishment "without losing sight of justice, he would certain-"ly do it to oblige me."

She was examined; and though I could perceive she gathered some confidence from my presence, there was so much innocence and unaffected simplicity in her countenance, that methought the *Commissaire* seemed somewhat prepossessed in her favour.

The *Guet* alleged against her, that there had been a riot at her lodgings, and that the neighbourhood had been disturbed. She acknowledged that there had been some disturbance, but said it was owing to her not admitting some troublesome visitors, who had come to pay their compliments to a lady, who had before her those lodgings. The air of truth with which she delivered this, made the *Commissaire* immediately commence her advocate, and he told the leader of the *Guet*, "he was liable to be pun-"ished, for forcing the lady out of her apartments "upon such a pretence; that the most virtuous wo-"men in Paris were liable to the same inconven-"ience from troublesome visitors: and that if they "could not prove her to be a woman of disorderly "conduct in any other respect, they might think "the lady very merciful if she forgave them, upon "their asking her pardon." This they readily consented to, and they retired, leaving the Commissaire, their late prisoner, and myself.

When they were gone, the *Commissaire* told me, t "notwithstanding the step he had taken in her ıvour, he was very sensible she was a *fille de joye*, er name being down upon his list; but that, as he was a young practitioner, and the *Guet* were s yet ignorant of her profession, at the entreaty f Mr. Yorick, he had released her; but strong- r recommended her to avoid coming before him, pon that or any other occasion."

. was greatly surprised to find she was actually ın the *Commissaire's* list, and my curiosity was ch excited to know her story. We retired, after ·ing Mr. de L—— all the compliments to which was so justly entitled for his polite behaviour, l I accompanied her back to her lodgings.

THE STORY.

ıFTER she had returned me repeated thanks for kind intercession, I entreated her to inform me what accident she had come into that situation ife, in which, according to the *Commissaire*, she r unfortunately acted. A flood of tears prevent- her immediate reply: but when she had recov- d herself, she gave me the following account.

The day after the visit I paid you at your hotel, as sent by Madame R——, my mistress, to pre- t her compliments to you, and desire to know ·n you proposed waiting on her with the letter were intrusted with for her from Amiens, be- surprised you had not yet transmitted it to her; ·n I was informed you had set out for the South rance, and it was uncertain when you would re-

turn. Having carried back this information to my mistress, she flew into a violent passion for having omitted bringing it with me the day before, when I was purposely sent for it; but then, by some unaccountable accident, we both forgot it. She hinted that she imagined something had passed between us of a very singular nature; and went so far as to say it was no wonder we had not thought of her or the letter, when we were so differently engaged. Such an accusation, *innocent as I was* greatly nettled me; and I believe I made her some answer, which so much disgusted her, as to order me immediately to quit her service. This sudden discharge greatly confused me; and as I had no relations in Paris, I applied to a milliner who used to serve Madame R—, to recommend me to a lodging till I could get a place. She perceived my anxiety and told me to make myself quite easy, as she at that time wanted a workwoman, and we should not disagree about terms. Accordingly I carried my clothes to her house, and from this instant was considered as one of the family.

"My province was, in the forenoon to carry home the goods. As she worked chiefly for gentlemen, and particularly foreigners, she always cautioned me to dress myself to the best advantage upon these occasions, as she said the men always paid the most generously, when they met with a *tidy* milliner. She also recommended me to be very complaisant, and never to contradict them; "And," continued she, "I do not know a more comely *fille* "in all the *Rue St. Honore*, or any that is more "*likely* to make her fortune, if she minds her hits. "*For*," added she, "there are but three female

"professions in Paris, which promise promotion: "these are, opera-dancers, pretty bar-keepers *aux* "*caffes*, and milliners; but we have the advantage, "being considered as the most modest, and the least "exposed in publick."

"Though I was not possessed of any great portion of vanity, I could not help being pleased to find my mistress thought I had some claim to make my fortune; and as I had been a *fille de chambre* near four years without one tolerable offer being made me, except it was from a *maitre peruquier*, in *Rue Guengaud*, I began to think, that the loss of Madame R——'s place might turn out a benefit to me."

I could not help interrupting her in this place, to inquire whether the *maitre peruquier* had proposed honourable terms; and if so, whether it was pride, or personal distaste to him, which had made her refuse his offer.

To this she very ingenuously replied, "that the terms he offered were nothing less than marriage; "that he was considered as a man of opulence, and "she thought him a very good match; that as to "person, he was remarkably handsome, having "been *valet de chambre* to *La Duchesse de L*——, "and obliged to quit that lady's service, on account "of a discovery made by *Monsieur le Duc*, who had "been for some time before jealous of him; but "that, upon his dismission, his good lady, as an ac-"knowledgment of past services, had given him a "sum of money to set him up as a master *peru-*"*quier*."

When she had got thus far in her narration, she was interrupted by an accident equally awful, alarming, and tremendous.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

Of all the temporary misfortunes, calamities, a accidents of civil life, the greatest is that of sudc fire.——Its effects are so rapid and astonishing, t they not only frequently deprive an alarmed neig bourhood of all their property, and reduce them a state of beggary, but often dispossess them of th reason, at least for the time, and render them in pable of affording themselves that assistance whi they might otherwise have obtained.

At this instant all these horrors presented the selves to our view:——the whole range of hou opposite to us seemed entirely surrounded by flam Outcries, shrieks, confusion, and tumult, at once sailed our ears.

Oh! Eugenius, what would have been the en tions of your sympathetick heart, upon this occasic ——Might I judge by those of mine, they wo have been too pungent for reason and philosophy temper with prudence. I rushed into the midst the populace, and was giving all the assistance t my feeble frame could permit——exerted far beyo its natural strength——when perceiving at a t pair-of-stairs a female almost naked, just risen fr bed, rending her hair, tearing her beautiful tres and imploring the clemency of heaven——I flew her assistance, and, though the floor on which lodged had already taken fire, brought her off wi out hurt. I conveyed her to the apartment fr whence I issued, and there procured not only wa wine, and other restoratives, but also clothes to c er her; for at the time I conducted her thithe

› other apparel than her shift. Her distresses
owever, made so strong an impression on her,
hame, which at another time, under such cir-
ances would have overwhelmed her with blush-
msoned not her cheek, but left the lily to pre-
ith the utmost force of its pallid hue:—Alas!
›werfully;——nature sunk beneath the oppres-
›f calamity.—I ran for some drops, and, by a
y application, restored her to life, and to her-

Vhere am I?——Surely in another world.—
things round me are strange.—Are you inha-
nts of the earth—or spirits of departed souls?
—or has it all been a dream, and am I still in a
rie?——No——this surely is a room—that is
ed—this is a chair—and that a table: these too
clothes—very different from any I ever wore.
ll around seem in equal consternation.—Tell
, I beseech you, sir, as you appear in a human
m, who are you, what are you, and where
I?"

ving said this, she fell again into a swoon; and
elapse seemed more dangerous than her first
k. I could have gazed forever upon her ange-
countenance, which indeed resembled the pic-
›f a heavenly resident, and seemed then with a
benignant smile to be taking a flight to the
ions of her celestial abode. But this was no
for such divine meditations; her earthly part
required our assistance.

ter having again somewhat recovered her, I
ght it advisable to have her put to bed, and re-
nended *to my* female friend to take the greatest
of her. This she promised, and, I found after-

wards, most religiously fulfilled; having taker leave for the present to endeavour at giving s farther assistance to the unhappy sufferers in conflagration.

THE CASKET.

From an upper window I was called to, and sired to hold my hat, in which I presently four small casket; when I retired, in order to retur to the proprietor after the confusion occasione the present calamity was over. I carefully con ed it to my apartment; and on opening it, foun to contain some very valuable jewels, with a pic that made a deep impression on my heart.——It the miniature of that divine creature whom I met with at Calais, and whom I had proposed m ing at Brussels—" Heavens! said I, by what a " dent came this picture here?——Surely " charming woman is not now perishing in " flames? forbid it, justice! forbid it, love!"

I had resolved upon retiring to rest after so m fatigues—and had already thrown off my coat, put on my night-cap, before I had made this dis ery: but I instantly quitted my apartment to fl the spot where I had received the casket, in o to obtain some intelligence of the proprietor, an possible, by what uncommon chance the portrai this lady was in it.

The fire was by this time completely extingu ed; but the agitations of my mind was still as g as ever—if the original hath perished—perish

ught!——Distraction! Oh!—Eugenius, I flew, in, I knew not whither.

RUE TIREBOUDIN.

MISTAKING my way, in my great confusion, in-ad of finding myself in the *Rue St. Jacques*, I nd myself in the *Rue Tireboudin*.—"What a ame!" said I.——"It had a much worse, sir, aid my informer before a great lady, riding rough in her coach and asking the name of it, as told; which so shocked her delicacy, that, om that period, it has bore this comparatively de-ent one."—"*Draw your pudding*," might, in Eng-nd, savour of a proper attention to baking, and a unday's dessert.—Oh the roast beef of Old Eng-nd!——but in a country where no puddings are ither made, baked, or eaten, it seems absurd."—es, sir, but *Tire V*[illegible] was a great deal more hocking; and that was its primitive name."

THE UNSUCCESSFUL INQUIRY.

AT length I reached the spot where the calamity happened. Amidst the general confusion that prevailed, I inquired if any lodger had lost a ket of jewels;—adding, that, upon giving a pro-description of them, they should be restored. t no person would claim them. I then inquired, lady resembling the picture I had in my hand, *any where* to be found; but this research was as *fectual as the former*. No such lady was known

in the neighbourhood. I could not point out the house from the window of which they were thrown, for the walls were all levelled; and it was impossible to discriminate one house from another.

In this perplexity, I went to my acquaintance Mademoiselle Laborde (for that was the name of my female acquaintance whom I have hitherto distinguished only by being a *fille de chambre* to Madame R—). I acquainted her with the accident, and my distress at not being able to discover the proprietor of the casket, and the situation of the dear original of the miniature.

But, how great was my astonishment, on being informed, that the lady whom I had conveyed to Mademoiselle Laborde's lodging, had, as soon as she recovered from her terror and astonishment, expressed the greatest concern at the loss of a similar casket.

THE DEFINITION.

I WAS ruminating upon the absurdity of the name of that street which formerly bore a still more absurd appellation, whilst I unfolded half a dozen pair of silk stockings, which I had just purchased, and which were wrapped up in an old manuscript that seemed of very ancient date. It was written in old French, and upon a piece of paper that required some reparations to make it legible. I had at first conceived the thought of transcribing it; but recollecting it would cost me little more trouble to translate it, I set about it, and produced the following English translation.

TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT.

"JEAN FRANCOIS DE VANCOURT, of Franche Comte, by his marriage articles with Marie Louise Anne de Rochecoton, of Champagne, doth agree, that, considering the disparity of their years, he being now in his eighty-third—and she in her sixteenth, and also the warmth of her constitution, and the amorousness of her complexion, to allow unto the vicar of the said parish all the rights of *cuisage* and *jambage*, in their full extent, agreeable to the just claims of the holy church; and moreover doth permit him to continue the same, in his absence, during the natural life of him the said Jean Francois de Vancourt. Provided, nevertheless, that the said vicar, upon the return of the said Jean Francois, should after the said Jean Francois had pronounced in an audible voice, at the door of the bed chamber, *Tire V——t*, three times, withdraw himself, therefrom, and leave the said Jean Francois in the full possession of Marie Louise Anne, his said wife, any thing notwithstanding to the contrary that may herein be contained.

"—Provided always on the *part* of the said Marie Louise Anne, that she hath a negative voice in favour of the curate, when the said vicar shall be above the age of thirty-five, or otherwise in her opinion, disqualified for the rites of *cuisage* and *jambage*, in their full extent; he the said curate, in case of such election on her part, submitting to the same proviso, in favour of the said Jean Francois, upon his pronouncing in an audible voice *at the said* chamber-door, Tire V——t three *times.*"

Having translated thus much of this fragment, I shall leave the reader to make his own sentimental reflections, after observing, that the good queen who ordered the name to be changed, seemed to display more knowledge than delicacy; but it must be observed in her favour, that according to the Salique law, a queen of France never wields the sceptre in her widowhood, and is therefore glad of every opportunity of displaying her authority during the life of her husband.

If this be not a sufficient apology for a queen, let any lady of any quality or fashion, from a duchess down to a milk-maid, take both names (without the *Tire*,) and make the most of them.

AN ANECDOTE.

When Mr. G—— made his first trip to Paris, he had not studied so much of the rudiments of the French language, as always to be critically grammatical in his genders: he would confound them together, and blend the masculine and the feminine in the most heterogeneous manner.

He was recounting to a lady at Versailles, remarkable for the smartness of her repartee, even at the expense of decency, the impositions he had met with upon the road from Calais, on account of his being an Englishman, and not speaking the language with the strictest propriety: and he particularized having paid a postillion twice, who asked him even a third time for the money. "*Est il possible?*" said she. "*Oui, Madame, j'avois decharge doux fois, sur "mon vie*"—"*Beaucoup mieux*, replied she, que sur

ı *Con—te.*" The division of the last word had esired effect, and raised such a laugh in the y, that the king could not refrain asking what ittered at, as he passed along.

THE DENOUEMENT.

E reader, I believe, was not apprised, that moiselle Laborde informed me, the lady ı I had saved from perishing, and had con- d to the apartments of Mademoiselle, was rawn from thence, and conveyed by her friends ther lodging which had been provided for her; by I was frustrated in my hopes of obtaining aircissement from that quarter, concerning cture and the jewels.

ing discovered the lodging to which the d lady was carried, I was now flattered with easing intelligence concerning the fair orig-

reader may perhaps fancy that he has antici- the unravelling of this story, by pronouncing ly, whom I was instrumental in assisting, the ı original herself. But, to prevent any such ous conclusions, I shall here inform him, that ıch anticipation is a groundless mistake. h there was a general resemblance in their s, their height and shape were very different. ited upon her with the casket, at the sight of she expressed great satisfaction; and after more gratefully than politely thanked me for e I had taken of her, by which I had probably

prevented her perishing in the flames, she informed me, that the picture was her sister's, whose husband was expected at Paris in a few days; and that he had sent his clothes with these jewels, and a great quantity of plate, consigned to her care, until his arrival; but that, unfortunately, they must all be lost, except the jewels I had preserved, as she had not yet received any tidings of them, nor of her own clothes and furniture.

I condoled with her upon the occasion, whilst I expressed my satisfaction at having been instrumental in saving two such valuable objects——herself, and the portrait of her amiable sister.

I then told her, I believed I had had the honour of seeing her sister at Calais; and that, from the conversation which passed between us, I had reason to believe, she was not then in the married state. To which the lady replied, "that she had not been married above six weeks; and that her husband was coming to Paris, to compromise a suit which had been subsisting between his relations and his present wife's; this marriage having brought about a general reconciliation of the parties."

This information, I acknowledge, greatly mortified me; and I could almost have wished that the litigation had still subsisted between the parties, and she had still been single.——But a moment's reflection told me, the wish was uncharitable, unworthy a sentimental breast.——Far distant, then, be it from my heart, to desire the continuation of another's misfortunes, even for my own satisfaction! Oh! the Remise door!——Heigh ho!——I could not banish the thought; and finding a gloominess seize on the conversation, I retired somewhat precipitately.

THE SEQUEL.

WHERE can a disturbed bosom find repose, when agitated by the tender passion? a forsaken swain hath but one solace, another nymph more kind. My footsteps seemed by instinct to carry me to Mademoiselle Laborde's. I found her alone, and in tears. "Alas!" said I, "why should nature, in her fickle "moods, thus make the very center of gaiety and "pastime the scene of misery!—how contradictory "how paradoxical! but why impute it to nature? "she cannot err."

"Mademoiselle (said I, after this reverie), it were "perhaps an unwelcome office, to request the fav-"our of the continuation of your story, which was "so unexpectedly interrupted by the melancholy "accident during my late visit."

"Indeed," said she, "sir, it will indulge my mel-"ancholy, which alone I could not sufficiently gra-"tify, with the strongest retrospect of my past mis-"fortunes; but now I am happy in having this op-"portunity of giving vent to my affliction.

"My first excursion from the shop was to wait "upon an Italian Count, supposed to be as generous "as he was magnificent. His *valet de chambre* was "rubbing his eyes, between eleven and twelve, after "waiting for his master's return to bed, not having "been home all night. The Count came to the "door, whilst I was conferring with his man, who "informing him I had brought him some ruffles, "I was desired to walk up stairs. Innocent then of "the design of such a customer, I readily consent-"ed. The Count just glanced his eye upon the "ruffles, when, chucking me under the chin with

" one hand, he thrust his other into my bosom: t
" behaviour I thought so great an insult, that, in
" passion, I gave him a slap on the face."——" (
" Miss," said he, " if you give yourself airs, I sl
" teach you better manners."——" He rang the b
" and his *valet de chambre* appeared."——" N
" Miss," added he, " take your choice—fair me
" or foul."——" I fell upon my knees, and imple
" mercy; but he was inexorable to all my entr
" ties. The ruffian *valet* held me, whilst he——
" Oh spare me the blush of recollection!"——

" That I will, my little unfortunate! what a
" lain!——to perpetrate a deed by violence, wh
" perhaps by solicitation he might have obtai
" with your consent."

" Oh no, sir," said she, weeping——" I ne
" would have consented."——

" That, indeed, alters the case.—But then his g
" erosity—what recompense did he make you?"

" Why, I was just going to mention.——Fr
" the character my mistress had given him, I im
" ined he could not possibly have presented me w
" less than a hundred louis d'ors, considering
" difficulty he had, and the opposition I made.—
" dare say an English nobleman would have thou
" it very trifling."

" Very trifling, I can assure you; I have kn
" an English nobleman pay fifty times the sum
" such an affair, without having committed hal
" good a rape as was committed upon you."

" Why, look ye there, so I thought;——
" considering what was past could not be recal
" I thought I might as well accept the wages
" ——"

"Of iniquity——"

"Yes, iniquity, I think you call it, as go without "them."

"Every whit—quite orthodox reasoning."

"So I waited, and sobbed—and cried, and waited "—expecting every moment a handsome recom- "pense for such an insult—when at length he asked "me, if I was a maid?"—

"What an insult after such an attack!——But "what did you reply?"

"I told him I might have had some little *egare-* "*mens du cœur;* but that I never had been guilty of "such a crime before."

"The guilt lay on his side, according to the opin- "ion of all the casuists in the world."

"There was much to be said on both sides, but "this I kept to myself."

"But the recompense?"

"He ordered me to call to-morrow, when he "should pay me for what ruffles he had occasion "for—and would make me a present."

"Did you call?"

"Yes, punctually."

"Was you not afraid?"—

"No——I thought he could not use me worse "than he had done:——but in this I was mistaken: "—for he had decamped the night before, with his "*valet de chambre*, and in the hurry had forgot to "pay his lodging."

"Amazing!"

"Not at all:——he was a gamester; and the "morning I saw him he had lost his last louis d'or "at the Academy."

THE ACADEMY.

"The Academy! what, in the name of wonder, "astonishment, and learning, do they allow in the "seminaries of science, in such a polished nation, "and such a well regulated metropolis as Paris, "where scarce an obvious vice goes unpunished: I "say, do they allow of gaming to a degree that can "ruin a man?"

"*Je ne vous extends pas!*

"I do not understand you," said Miss Laborde.

"*Ni moi non plus, ce que vous voulez dire.*"

"Nor I what you mean."

"Did you not say, the Count had lost his money "at the Academy?"

"Well, and what astonishment can arise from "that? Are not immense sums lost there every "night?

"And are the police acquainted with it?"

"It is under their immediate protection."

"Impossible!"

"Nothing more certain."

"And what say the professors?"

"The professed gamesters are very well pleased "with it; sometimes a run of ill-luck may break "them, when they meet with one as knowing as "themselves; but this is such a phenomenon, that "the Count's precipitate departure astonished all "Paris."

"Pray explain to me the nature of this Acade-"my; for I believe, after all, we are in a state of "some misunderstanding concerning it.—By an "Academy, I should comprehend the seat of the

"muses, the garden of science, and the vineyard of "learning."

"No, it is neither a seat, a garden, nor a vineyard, "but a gaming-house licensed by the magistrates, "where gamblers may cheat with impunity, if they "can do it with dexterity, and where the credulous "and unwary may be ruined, without remedy or re-"lief."

"What a prostitution of names!"

"Not at all: *C'est l'Academie de Grecs.*—It is the "Academy of sharpers."

"If cheating be a privileged science, I acknowl-"edge the title very proper:—but as it is one of "the occult sciences which I shall never study, I "beg we may leave this seminary, that you may "pursue your narration."

END OF VOLUME III.

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY,

CONTINUED.

THE NARRATION.

"When my mistress found the Count had defrauded her of the ruffles, she flew into a violent passion upon all exotick noblemen, except the English, whom she allowed to be generous, honest, and just. "Well, said she, you shall to-morrow morn-"ing wait upon lord Spindle; he pays like a prince." A flood of tears prevented my answer for the present; but when I recovered myself, I told her I saw my doom; that I had already been ravished.

"*J'en suis ravie;*" said she.

"But for nothing," said I.

"*C'est dommage.*"

"And perhaps I shall never recover my charac-"ter again, as long as I live."

At this she fell into a violent laugh, and told me, a woman's character was always well established, in proportion to the number of conquests she had made, and the number of gallants she had duped; that, for her part, she had considered the whole male sex as her prey, and their fortunes as her property; and

that if some of them had slipped through her ha
she had made sufficient amends to herself by t
who had fallen into her power; that in these
ters we were to take the good with the bad,
all affairs of commerce: and though the coun
broke in my debt, she did not doubt but lord S
dle would make me ample amends for my los
the circumstance of the rape was quite in my fo

"*Est-il possible qu'on puisse être ravie si av*
"*geusement?*".

"*Oui, sans doute, il y a des coups à faire dans*
"*tes occasions.*"

CANTHARIDES.

"THIS was a doctrine I could not comprel
It was a new-fangled logick, that seemed repu
to common sense."

"I see," continued she, "you do not under
"me; but if you will step into my dressing-
"while I put on a little *rouge*, I will explai
"mystery."

"You must know," said she, as we were g
up stairs, "that lord Spindle has for some time
"en Cantharides; and that they have now los
"their effect. Now, said she, if you had not
"previously ravished"——opening the door o

THE DRESSING-ROOM.

"I SAY, if this rape had not taken place,
"would have been the consequence?——Pro
"you would still have been in a vestal state.—

"ly say *probably*, because I would not desire to pry "into any young woman's secrets; and then, con- "sidering that lord Spindle is entirely emaciated, "he could not possibly have taken so much pains as "a virgin's coyness would have required; no, "nor—" [here she was interrupted by the entrance of the maid, to whom this part of her dress was an impenetrable secret]—"but as it has so luckily "happened, your fortune will in all likelihood be "made, if he does not die before he has——" [another interruption] "made you a handsome settle- "ment."

"An *intail*, said I, you certainly meant."

"Doubtless."

"*Voila des coups certainement.*"

"*Oui*, said she, *certainement.*"

DOWN AGAIN.

These secrets being thus communicated in private, and the *rouge*, with a little *blanc* (but that is a greater secret than all the rest, which I should not have divulged) duly administered, we returned into the parlour.

The ups and downs of life, she told me, as we descended, were so numerous in our profession, that a woman of sense should always pay the greatest attention to them; but that she was in hopes, if I succeeded with lord Spindle, my fortune would be made with very few of them.

THE BON MOT.

A FRENCH woman, let her be of what rank she may, never omits any opportunity of saying a *double entendre;* and as the occasion was so very favourable, it was not in the least surprising, that this lady should thus display her genius.

A *bon mot* is literally a *good word;* with us it is a *good thing:* and, to say the truth, a good word and a good thing, often with the French ladies, concentre in the same point. This is no quaint conceit. ——I have known a *Figurante*, at the *Opera Comique*, make four conquests with only *mon***.*—— Here she lost a star, it is true, by the language; but four stars were the object, as they were every one chevaliers of the Holy Ghost.

I could expatiate a whole volume away on the shame attending knights of such an order being the knights errant of a figure-dancer, as arrant a ***** as ever wore a petticoat.

But I scorn to be invidious against knights—even of the post——or the ladies, let their profession be what it will.

"The ladies are greatly obliged to you, Mr. Yor-
"ick; but what have you done with lord Spin-
"dle?"——

"Oh! here he comes *in propria persona.*

LORD SPINDLE.

WHO knew not lord Spindle? but if the reader *should* be so ignorant, I will give a short, very short *history* of him.

His lordship was descended from an ancient family in the North of England, who possessed a very ample fortune. His uncle dying without heirs whilst he was a minor, he succeeded to the title and estate, upon attaining the age of twenty-one. He had been previously his own master three years, having no one to control him but a tutor, who accompanied him in his travels in the tour of Europe; but who, instead of curbing any vitious or irregular inclinations in his pupil, constantly promoted them, as he had thereby an opportunity of indulging his own natural turn for debauchery; and moreover, found his account in the encouragement of these irregularities, not only by sharing the profits of all the extravagant charges of the trades people he employed, but by actually dividing the spoils with his lordship's mistresses.

Such a culture could not fail of producing all the fruits of licentiousness and debauchery. When his lordship came of age, he found he had already run upwards of an hundred thousand pounds in debt; and the first step he was obliged to take, was to mortgage his estate for the like sum.

His tutor, who by this time was transformed into his bottle companion, and nominal as well as real pander, advised him to marry, and thereby repair the injury he had done to his fortune. An opportunity soon offered: a city heiress was to be disposed of, and bartered for a title and noble connection. A dry-salter's daughter, with two hundred thousand pounds, had charms sufficient for lord Spindle. The treaty was made, the match settled, and the consummation took place in less than three months.

His lordship had, soon after, reason to find, that

all the injury he had done by his debaucheries, was not confined to his fortune, but that his constitution had more than proportionably been impaired. In a word, his physicians advised him to take a journey to Montpellier, as the only means left of recovery.

Dare we pretend to inquire how it fared with lady Spindle? she returned home to her father two hundred thousand pounds worse in pocket, and almost as many millions in constitution. A divorce soon after took place,—and his lordship recovered; but not without some incisions and amputations, which made him all his life curse Italian concubines.

His *honest tutor* still attended him, and consoled him with all the rhetorick he was master of. He had adopted the system of predestination, though he had never taught it before, finding it the best suited to his present doctrine. He told his lordship, that every man was born to have a certain number of p—s, as every woman was to have a certain number of children; and that therefore the sooner they got them over the better.

Lord Spindle could not be accused of any great depth of understanding, or any great shrewdness in discovering the wrong or the right side of an argument.——A little sophistry passed upon him for profound logick; and when he heard it dogmatically pronounced from his tutor, he could not pretend to dispute the justness of the premises; so that the following syllogism made his lordship resume all his debaucheries, as far as he was able, in their greatest latitude.

Major. Every man is born to catch a certain number of p——s:

Minor. Your lordship has had more than any man of your years :

Ergo. You have the fewer to come in.

When a man sins with reason on his side, how sweet are the peccadilloes ! His lordship hardly wanted so much sophistry to urge him to the charge ; but he stood in need of many provocatives to enable him to be as wicked as he desired.

Pedagogus (for so I shall call this pander tutor) had skimmed the surface of most sciences ; and having in his youth been almost as abandoned as his late pupil and present master, had dipped into physick, at least that part of it which may be called *Venereal.* He had learned how to promote as well as cure all the diseases which attend the votaries of the Cyprian goddess :——he had formerly, and perhaps did still administer the first to himself ;—he now at least administered them to his lordship.

THE COMMON COUNCILMAN AND THE TURTLE.

The Sensualist does not often consider how far the gratification of his appetites may injure his health ; and an alderman who swallows three pounds of callipash and callipee, seldom attends to the fatal effects of six ounces of Cayenne pepper, which are administered in the dose. The nostrum, it is true, once saved a common councilman from being a cuckold, and therefore it is not without its virtues.

Mr. Skate had been married ten years ;—he was a man of the world——understood commerce—and upon 'Change was by every one styled a good man.

Mrs. Skate here differed in opinion. She had brought him five thousand pounds (which indeed he had improved to thirty thousand,) and she judged herself entitled to some attention. Mr. Skate, being a money getting man, frequently attended clubs, went to bed late, and rose early.——"Less "money and more love," was her constant expression. "Stay, my dear, till I make it a *plum*; then "I will retire, and shall have nothing to do but "love you."——"Ay but, she would say, then you "would be too old; and what signify riches, or "any thing else, if one can't enjoy it?" This was good logick, almost as good as Pedagogus's, for a common councilman's wife.

Things were going on at this rate, and every vocation and avocation constantly attended to, and punctually fulfilled by Mr. Skate——except one—when Mrs. Skate, after consulting the doctor respecting some doubts concerning adultery, had made an appointment with him for the next morning at ten, whilst Mr. Skate was at the Custom-house, to convince the doctor that he had convinced her. But luckily for Mr. Skate's honour, and more luckily for Mrs. Skate's virtue, he assisted that day at a turtle-feast at the King's Arms.

THE CONSEQUENCE.

I HAVE set apart a chapter for this very great consequence, as it is of the utmost importance to the common council-men of every ward within the *walls*, not forgetting Portsoken and Candlewick, *who has* a wife troubled with scruples of conscience,

without being a methodist. In that case, they are so speedily removed, there is not the least danger.

"*Mr. Skate assisted at a turtle-feast at the King's* "*Arms.*"

That is my text, and I doubt not but the discourse will prove equally moral and practicable.

"It is well known, my worthy brethren, that turtle is very salacious food, and when heightened, improved, or strengthened, which you please, by Cayenne pepper and strong sauces, may warm and invigorate the coldest constitution. When it is also considered, gentlemen of the common-council, how few of you are enemies to a glass (or two or three) of generous wine, and how much food of such a heating nature promotes the circulation of the bottle, it is not at all astonishing that every convivial assistant should go home cherry-merry, after having been a guest at such a repast.

"This was precisely the case with Mr. Skate:—he had forgot that bank-stock had rose one-eighth that day, and he had sold out a thousand the day before; he had forgot the private intelligence he had received from the waiter at Lloyd's, of which he was to make his advantage before it had got into the papers: he had even forgot the report of a ship being lost——upon which he had underwrote fifteen hundred. The turtle, the Cayenne pepper, and the generous wine, operated so strongly, that his heart was dilated, his spirits were exhilarated, and he thought of nothing but Mrs. Skate.

"Mrs. Skate, by two in the morning, began to "repent of having made an appointment with the "doctor.——Would Mr. Skate had realized this

"*plum*, and I should consider adultery in as heinous "a light as ever!"

"Ten o'clock came, and so did the doctor.—— "Lord, my dear, you'll oversleep yourself:——do "you know what's o'clock!—'tis ten, I vow!"

"With these sentiments she fell asleep——yet she dreamed of the doctor;——she could think of nothing but his white hand——how soft!——and the neatness of his shirt plaiting."

"What care I?——Fill about, Mr. Allspice, this "is excellent wine."

"Good heaven!—he is dreaming; he will cer- "tainly forget himself."

"What did you wake me for?—I dreamed I was "worth a plum, and was as happy as a prince."

"Mr. Skate got up, but did not dress;—he turn- "ed again on his side, and lay till noon."

"The doctor was affronted at the imposition he thought was put upon him, and Mrs. Skate always entreats Mr. Skate not to miss a turtle feast."

THE TUTOR.

HAVING despatched the common-councilman, it is time I should attend to Pedagogus, or else, considering the dispositions and pursuits of him and my lord, they may chance to slip through our fingers to the Elysian shades, before we have quite done with them.

I think we left him administering provocatives to his lordship, and from thence I derived the conclusion, that the sensualist seldom considers how

far the gratification of his appetites may injure his health.

It might be conjectured, that, considering the easy luxurious life Pedagogus led, as the bottle-companion of lord Spindle, and as he was his sole dependence——which might, indeed, have been mentioned before; it was somewhat astonishing he should broach systems, espouse doctrines, and administer remedies, so very pernicious to his lordship's tender fabrick: to which I answer in *eleven* words.

"His lordship had bequeathed him three thou-
"sand pounds in his will."

I am the more particular in specifying the number of words contained in this bequest, as the greatest criticks are very apt to overlook these niceties; and I have known even a reviewer conclude, "*In a word*," and add *a score*. Every part of criticism is worthy of the scholiast's attention.

MISS LABORDE'S STORY CONCLUDED.

"THE very same lord Spindle, I can assure you."
"I thought I was right in my man;——pray pro-
"ceed."

"I was introduced to his lordship by Mr. Pedagogus, who took me by the hand, and looking languishingly at me, gave it a gentle squeeze, saying, "I do not know whether his lordship will be able "to see you to-day.—If he does not want any of "your merchandize, I will purchase any thing you "*have got*."

"I said, I was sorry to hear his lordship was ill, and if I could not see him, I would call another time."

"No, my dear," said he, "you may see him—"all that's left of him;——but as to any thing else, "I think it would be as cruel as interring a fine "blooming girl like yourself with an Egyptian mum-"my, that had been dead half a dozen centuries, "restored to view by the resurrection of antiqua-"rians."

"His lordship now rang for chocolate, which he drank in bed; and being informed that I was come to wait upon him, he ordered me in.——Pulling back the curtain, I saw a most ghastly figure which seemed a better qualified lover for Queen Dido, than a Parisian milliner. He, nevertheless said some civil things to me,——bought my whole band-box,——and said he would purchase myself, if he were capable. Whereupon he took his purse out of his breeches pocket, presented me with it, and then——————————————————————————————I shall only add, I was as well qualified to keep in the vestal fire after leaving his lordship, as I was upon entering his apartment.

"He desired me to call three days after—when he was dead. Pedagogus now made love in form, took this apartment for me, and gave me a decent allowance, till within these ten days, when he was taken up on suspicion of poisoning lord Spindle, and is now in the *Bicetre*.

"After his provision ceased, I was obliged to have recourse to other means, which I need not explain, and which have entitled me to a place upon the commissary's list."

A REFLECTION.

The reader, I doubt not, expected a very dull trite story, from the moment he heard of Miss Laborde's whimpering.——I hope he has been greatly disappointed; if not, he may take up the Pilgrim's Progress, or any pathetick novel that has been published within these ten years, and make himself ample amends for the time he has lost in the perusal of these pages.

N. B. If he be a tutor, I prescribe him an ounce of cantharides.

VENDREDI SAINT, OR GOOD-FRIDAY.

Though no man holds the ceremonies of religion in higher veneration than myself, and though I would not for a *mitre* ridicule the mysteries, even of Popery, in a Romish country, still there are some things so obviously ridiculous in its pageantry and exercise, that one must be almost a stone not to raise a risible muscle at many of their officials. I have no objection to bowing or kneeling whilst the wafer passes in solemn procession, and have myself soiled a pair of new breeches sooner than *(faire scandale)* give scandal. I have no objection to the tinkling of the little bell, or their beating their breasts at the elevation of the host; and permit the inhabitants of Paris to pay *un petit ecu* each, to kneel and kiss a wooden cross *le Vendredi Saint;* but I will not allow a professed *fille de joye* to consider it as *inevitable* damnation, beyond the power of all the

orders of all the priests, the conclave of cardinals, and even the Pope himself, to absolve her for eating the wing of a chicken on that day, and yet not refuse to exercise all the functions of her profession for six livres.

I paid Mademoiselle Laborde, a visit on Good-Friday; and being somewhat fatigued upon returning from Versailles, I desired her to send to the *Traiteur's* for a pullet and sallad, as I could not reach my own apartments without some refreshment.

FROGS NEWLY CLASSED.

" COMMENT, *Monsieur, mungez vous la viande le*
" *Vendredi Saint!*

" What, sir, do you eat meat on Good-Friday?"

" I should have no objection to fish, for that mat-
" ter, if there were any good; carp and tench I have
" been already surfeited with this Lent; and as to
" your *morue*, it can be equalled by nothing but the
" black broth of the antients."

" *Mais il y a d'autres especes de poisson; que pen-*
" *sez vous des anguellis et des grenouilles?*"

" But there are other kinds of fish; what think
" you of eels and frogs?"

" Frogs! ha! ha! ha! excuse me for laughing—
" this is the first time I ever heard them classed
" under the head of fish."

" *Comment! la grenouille c'est bien du poisson, et*
" *ille est permisée.*

" How!—Surely frogs are very good fish, and
" they are allowed."

"They may be allowed; but, in this case, I should "think the penance very rigid, if I were compelled "to eat them, though you were to call them wild-"fowl.—A frog-feast to an Englishman, is a very "severe fast."

THE CASE OF RELIGIOUS SCRUPLES.

THE *Traiteur* was sent for; but he informed me, he could not possibly serve the table with flesh today, unless I had a certificate under a physician's hand that I was ill.

"Look in my face!——is not my countenance a "sufficient certificate?——besides, here is a recipe "I had yesterday from a doctor of the Sorbonne."

The *Traiteur* did not understand Latin, but was convinced it was right, by being so very unintelligible.

The dinner was served; Mademoiselle, however, would not touch a bit. She expected a visit from her confessor that afternoon, to prepare her for her Easter; and he would certainly deny her absolution, in case she should break her Lent upon so important a day.

"Pray Miss, do you reveal every thing to your "confessor?"

"Every thing, sir."

"And what would you say, if a good customer "were to drop in?—You would not refuse him?

"*Non, certainement;—c'est une autro affaire.*"

"No certainly; that's another case."

Burgundy exhilarates the spirits, after a hearty meal, succeeding exercise. These causes united,

produced a very natural effect; and as the point in case was *une autre affaire*—wherefore should I have more religious scruples than Mademoiselle?

THE CASE THEN STOOD THUS:

	Deg.		Deg.
Religion - - - - -	6	The Flesh - - - -	7
Reason - - - - - -	$4\frac{1}{2}$	Appetite - - - - -	16
Danger - - - - -	3	Powers - - - - -	$2\frac{1}{4}$
Conscience - - - -	$\frac{1}{8}$	Object - - - - - -	53
Character - - - -	14	Opportunity - - -	99
	$27\frac{5}{8}$		$177\frac{1}{4}$
	$177\frac{1}{4}$		
	$27\frac{5}{8}$		
Alas! alas!	$150\frac{3}{8}$	What a balance!	

How light are religion, reason, danger, conscience, and even character, when opposed to the flesh, appetite, powers, object, and opportunity!——

Pray, Miss Laborde, draw the curtain; for I am quite ashamed of the conclusion.

Gentle readers, male or female, or both united, how do your pulses beat? Quick, quick, quick—— for G—'s sake, draw the curtain too!

THE BLUSH.

Pray, courteous reader, did not you perceive me blush in the last chapter?——I reddened all over. ——I question whether the *Traiteur* would have *taken* my word, or even the Latin certificate, for

illness, under such a ruddy complexion; and in this case all the cause would have been prevented: for had not the fowl contained the best of juices, and promoted the drinking of a bottle of excellent Burgundy,—neither *morue* nor *frogs*, though excellent fish, would have produced the dangerous effect.—Oh! how I still blush at the repetition! my very paper is as red as scarlet, and I can write no more upon the subject.

THE RECOVERY OF COMPLEXION.

Having taken a turn round the room, and perceived my native pallid hue return, I took my hat, and then my leave, as the critical minute of confession approached; and Miss Laborde had in my opinion an additional peccadillo to disburden her conscience from, though her abstinence was unimpeachable.

THE CONFESSION.

Curiosity, what wilt thou not perform? My design was, to have retired directly home, and dress;—but meeting with a lusty friar upon the stairs, a thought occurred to me——"surely, this man must "be framed of different flesh and blood than other "mortals, if, when Mademoiselle reveals all her "secrets to him, he can have the resolution to with-"stand such an attack upon the senses."

I returned, and finding a very convenient aperture in the door, planted myself to observe the fervour of the *penitent's* devotion.

How many Ave Marias!——how many prayers! how many ejaculations!

Oh! that I had been a friar, a lusty friar! what felicity within the pale of that holy church!

Heaven! what an accident!

I had always an aversion to wooden beds, from their cracking:——they have often disturbed me from the soft slumbers of sweet repose upon the road, where, in spite of the virtue preached on Sunday—but such an accident surely never before happened!—no carpenters will work on *Good-Friday* in Paris,—and the *gros Financier* was to be with Madémoiselle at nine, an hour after confession.

But it is time for me to retire, and leave her to her fate.—Notwithstanding the accident—would I had been a friar, a lusty friar!

THE GUINGUETTE.

I WILL frankly acknowledge, that though I never coverted or envied any man his professions or enjoyments, either corporal or mental before, I could not get the *lusty friar* out of my head; and, had not a friend called upon me to see the humours of the *Guinguette* on Easter Sunday, I verily believe that I might have been mad enough to have changed my religion to have embraced that order.

Guinguettes are places about the environs of Paris, not unsimilar to White Conduit-house, Bagnage Wells, and the like, in the purlieus of London; with this difference, that instead of tea, *petits soupers* are given, and a bottle of wine is drank till they are *ready*. The principal amusement consists of dance-

ing. As these places are chiefly frequented by the *Bourgeoise* of Paris, they are resorted to by the greatest number on Sundays, as publick dancing, as well as plays and operas, are allowed on that day. This, being Easter-Sunday, they were not only very crowded, but much more brilliant than usual, on account of the variety of new clothes constantly exhibited on this day.

LES TAPAGEURS.

These are a species of animals, who from a principle of false honour, and still more ridiculous vanity, fancy they are authorized to disturb the repose and merriment of the citizens of Paris. They generally consist of Mousquetaires and Pages. Being trained from their infancy to the sword, by the time they attain manhood, they are generally proficients in fencing; and upon this superiority in arms, they build their title to insolence and impertinence.

A *Guinguette*, especially on Sunday, is the certain mart of their abilities: here they display their false wit and false courage, and frequently pass them off for genuine: however, the counterfeits are sometimes detected, and severely punished.

Having, with my friend, taken a seat in the most retired corner of the room, that we might be unobserved spectators of what passed, a couple of *Tapageurs* presently entered; and having taken a view of the company, they fixed upon a young jeweller, who was with his *sweetheart*, for the object of their present ridicule.

The young fellow was dressed very genteelly, with a sword, and carried no marks of plebeianism about

him. But they knew he was a mechanick; and it is a rule with the *Tapaguers*, to chastise all such as they call them, when they find them either in dress or company out of their sphere. The young woman was very handsome, and, by the modesty which was depicted in her countenance, was entitled to respect even from the most abandoned. But the *Tapaguers* consider decency and decorum as vices which a Page or Mousquetaire should never be guilty of, and therefore carefully avoid committing them.

One of these heroes went up to the table where the jeweller and his mistress were sitting, drinking a glass of wine; and, asking him if his wine was good, without invitation helped himself to a glass: he then pronounced it excellent; and thus continued to serve first his companion, and afterwards himself, till the bottle was emptied.

The young jeweller bore all these insults with great good temper; and calling for another bottle, told them, he was very proud of the honour of their company; and that, if they could not afford to pay, they were even very welcome to another, or two, at his expense.

"*Comment, Monsieur le jouaillier, comptez vous* "*que vous n'êtes pas connu—Allez balayer votre* "*boutique, & laissez votre epée chez vous.*"

"What, Mr. Jeweller, do you think you are not "known?——Go and sweep your shop, and leave "your sword at home."

"*Je le ferai bien,*" replied the jeweller, "*après que je vous ai corrige pour votre insolence.*" "That "I will readily do, after I have corrected you for "your insolence."

They now retired, whilst the jeweller's mistress fainted away: however, by the help of some harts-

horn and water, she recovered herself, just as her lover returned victorious.

The Mousquetaire, vain-gloriously trifling with the jeweller, whom he judged much inferior in skill, happening to stumble over a stone, was wounded through the body. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who was very doubtful concerning the wound. He was, however, put to bed, and all possible care taken of him.

OF THE JUST DISTRIBUTION OF NATURE.

NATURE is so impartial in the distribution of her gifts to mankind, that she neither overburdens some individuals with her favours, nor overwhelms others with misfortunes; but, by a judicious mixture of good and evil in every creature, none have too much reason to be elated, nor any to despair. For example; to these she gives great riches, with an unquiet mind; to those, a great share of adversity, with much insensibility. If the first with their wealth possessed the indifference of the needy, they would certainly be too happy; whilst the latter, if they united mental uneasiness with their ill fortune, would, doubtless, be highly deserving of pity.

If then, we weigh the wealth of the one with the indifference of the other—the uneasiness of the former with the misfortunes of the latter———we shall find the balance to be nearly equal. The poor man, insensible of the evils of life, despises the miser, who, whilst he amasses wealth, is miserable at the apprehensions of losing it.

Nor is this observation confined solely to wealth and poverty. Beauty and deformity have each their

consolations. The handsome woman looks with contempt on the ill-shapen female, who in turn, despises the beautiful idiot, formed only to be gazed upon. The swordsman considers courage and skill in arms as the greatest accomplishments of a gentleman, and fancies his rank entitles him to adulation from the merchant and mechanick; whilst these, on the contrary, maintain industry and trade to be more important objects than the *etiquette* of courts, or the glory of a campaign. Thus, in every station of life, there is a consolation and solace to be found: and, indeed, no rank is contemptible in itself, whilst the person who fills it, acts in character.

THE APPLICATION.

HAD the musqueteer considered this with attention, he certainly might have saved a life which was thrown away for—*nothing!* a life, that might have been of service to his country, an honour to his family, and a blessing to his friends; but which was now a disgrace to all.

May this *Tapageur* be hung up *in terrorem*, as a *memento* of the folly and vanity of a species of beings, who, it is to be hoped, will soon be exterminated from the earth. Such is the earnest prayer of Yorick!

THE OCCASION.

The misfortunes which befel the unfortunate Mademoiselle Laborde for her omission of having asked me for the letter to her mistress, struck me so *forcibly* upon my return from the Guinguette, that I

resolved to wait upon that lady the next day with it, and endeavour by what little eloquence I possessed, to induce her to take her *fille de chambre*, once more under her protection.

Whilst I was ruminating upon the most effectual plan of operations, I accidentally strolled into the Tuilleries, and, being somewhat fatigued, seated myself next a lady, who proving very communicative, we presently fell into general conversation, and from general descended to particular: so that without any kind of seeming impropriety, I asked her if she knew Madame Rambouillet.——" Madame " Rambouillet (she repeated !) *C'est moi même.*"

" Good heaven, said I, what an accident! you are " the very lady I proposed waiting upon to-morrow " morning, with a letter I have been so neglectful " as to keep these two months in my pocket."

" *Vous êtes Mr. Yorick, donc ;—et comment est-il* " *arrive que vous n'êtes pas venu me voir ?*"

Saying this, she rose up, and seizing me by the arm, led me to her coach. I was now preparing to take leave; but she said with a very imperative tone ——" *Il faut souper avec moi.*"

THE TUILLERIES.

I SUSPECTED Madame Rambouillet's sudden and abrupt departure from the gardens was occasioned by a spectacle, or rather a pair of spectacles, which, in a less polished sphere of action, would have been exploded, as erring against all the rules of decent opticks.

On the left hand walk from the Louvre is a range of shrubbery that runs parallel to the wall, at about six feet distance, and which in summer, when the leaves are fully expanded, forms a kind of retreat; behind which, obscenities of any species may be committed, unobserved by the company in the gardens; but in winter and spring, every thing performed behind this shrubbery is as much exposed as if done in any other part of the Tuilleries.

Having ascertained the topography of this retreat, I shall now point out its uses.

There are two goddesses, whose numerous votaries consider it as the highest insult to these divinities to expose the devotions they pay to them; the most recluse retreats, therefore, are constantly chosen for these oblations. But, by a strange effect of French vivacity, the Parisians forget the seasons of the year; and this being the end of March, there was not a single leaf yet disclosed, to conceal the rites which two devotees of one goddess were at this time performing.

THE MISTAKE.

Although I had supposed this exhibition had shocked the delicacy of Madame Rambouillet so much as to render any longer stay in the gardens impracticable, I was afterwards thoroughly convinced that French *politesse* does not extend to such niceties. Her hurry was occasioned by her impatience to ask me a hundred questions, without giving me time to answer one, though fully satisfied with my replies. She accordingly took her leave of

Madam de la Garde, at the Great Gate, telling her she should drink chocolate with her to-morrow——and adding, "*J'ai quelques affaires avec ce Monsieur* "—*Vous m'excuserez.*"

THE ATTEMPT.

When I imagined Madame Rambouillet's curiosity had been pretty well gratified, I thought it was a favourable opportunity to plead for Mademoiselle Laborde.

"Pray, Madam, had not you a chamber-maid "whom you sent to my apartments for the letter "which I have now delivered?——Does she live "with you still?"

"*Ah, la coquine! Elle a fait bien des faux pas:* "*non, Monsieur, elle est sur le pave même.*"

"Oh, the hussy! she has made many slips; and, "sir, she even walks the streets.

This does not look like a reconciliation; I must change my battery.

"Indeed, I am sorry to hear it. I hope she is "not irreclaimable——how came you to part with "her?"

"*Je crains, Monsieur, que vous y aviez un peu* "*part.*"

"I fear, sir, you had some share in it."

"Then, Madam, pray let me plead for her. Re-"store her to your favour; forget her past errors; "and I will be bound for her future good beha-"viour. I have heard her story; and she is to be "*pitied.*"

Finding I had made some impression upon Madame Rambouillet in her favour, I told her story to the best advantage. She was greatly surprised at the turpitude of her milliner; and in her passion, though a paragon of decency, could not refrain from uttering.

"*Ah! la villaine bou——gresse!*"

Now was my time: her passions were set on float; her pity began to move; and, if her compassion were once under sail, I hoped I should quickly bring her to anchor in the harbour of forgiveness. The port was in view, and a favourable gale sprung up.

THE PENITENT.

It is certainly true, there is more joy on earth, as well as in heaven, at bringing back one strayed sheep, than keeping in order the rest of the fold.

Madame Rambouillet agreed to restore Miss Laborde to her favour, on condition she would unfold all the misdeeds of her milliner, and depose them before a *Commissaire*, that she might be dealt with according to law. This she was easily prevailed upon to perform; and Madame la Roche's house was the next day beset by the *Archers*.

THE BICETRE.

A deposition upon oath, of a woman's carrying on the profession of a procuress, is sufficient to entitle her to a place in the Bicetre. In consequence,

therefore, of Mademoiselle Laborde's declaration, Madame la Roche, and three of her pupils, were conducted thither, where I shall leave them to their own reflections, and the *Police*.

CUL DE SAC DE L'ORATOIRE.

I BEG leave, in this place, to correct a mistake which slipt into the first volume of my Sentimental Journey, as it relates to a matter of chronology and geography; in which a traveller, and particularly a sentimental one, ought to be very correct. The passage is this:

"Madame de Rambouillet, after an acquaintance "of about six weeks with her, had done me the hon-"our to take me in her coach about two leagues out "of town. Of all women, Madame de Rambouil-"let is the most correct; and I never wish to see "one of more virtues and purity of heart. In our "return back, Madame de Rambouillet desired me "to pull the cord: I asked her if she wanted any "thing? *Rien que pisser*, said Madame de Rambouil-"let."

The fact is certain, and therefore remains in its full force; but the time when, and the place where, require some amendment.

It was only one week after I first met her in the Tuilleries; and the circumstance happened in the *Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*.

This will also rectify the anachronism of my first acquaintance with Madame de Rambouillet; which *should not* have been placed till after my return from the South of France.

THE PET EN L'AIR.

The *Pet en l'Air* is once more a fashionable dress among the English ladies, and therefore requires no definition; its etymology will be set forth in this chapter.

Madame Pompadour riding through *le Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*, the first day she wore this dress (which was invented by her, and had not yet been christened,) in company with Mademoiselle la Tour, one of her waiting maids, or rather servile companions, by some accident gave vent to some confined air, according to Hudibras, the natural way. The ludicrousness of the accident occasioned her to burst into a loud laugh, and exclaim, "that shall be the "name of my new dress;" and from that time a short sack and petticoat were called a *Pet en l'Air*.

A similarity of circumstances produces a similarity of sentiments. When Madame de Rambouillet alighted *rein que pisser*, she was better than her word; and, upon resuming her seat, with a laugh, said, "*C'est ne pet pas en l'air, mais dans le Cul de* "*Sac de l'Oratoire.*"

Such critical justness, in so light a conceit, must certainly set her judgment in the most favourable point of light; and though the thought might be originally Madame de Pompadour's, this lady's improvement upon it is at least equal to the primitive sentiment.

Three learned doctors of the Sorbonne, being informed of the event, pronounced this sentence.

THE CONCATENATION.

I DARE say the reader was not a little disappointed, upon Mademoiselle Laborde's resuming her story, to find that the concatenation was entirely destroyed, and that no mention was made of her lover the *Peruquier*, who had proposed a connubial connection in the most honourable and serious way, and who was so well situated in business, and so agreeable a man, that he seemed every way qualified to render the marriage state completely happy.

To own the truth, I did perceive a kind of chasm in this part of her narration; but being unwilling to interrupt her, I let her proceed her own way.

"Pray, Mademoiselle," said I, as we were sitting together at Madame Rambouillet's during her absence, "*à propos*," (though by-the-bye, it was no more *à propos* than any one thing the most foreign in the world, that might have been lugged in head and shoulders) "*à propos*, Miss Laborde; you never told me what became of your lover the *Peruquier*?

"Good heavens! no more I did: I quite forgot "him. I was so taken up with the Italian Marquis, "and lord Spindle, he never once entered my head. "———Poor man! Heigh-ho!"

"What makes you sigh and call him *poor* man? "I thought he was in very good circumstances."

"Yes, his circumstances were very well, for the "matter of that; but he was very imprudent. He "was twice cited to appear before the company of "barber-surgeons, and mulcted for not being li-"cenced; and yet he was so indiscreet as set them

"at defiance, and the third time was committed to "prison, where I believe he still remains.

"What, could not the duchess his patroness re- "lieve him?"

"She did not choose to appear in such an affair "publickly.—Besides, I believe by this time she had "pretty well forgot him and his services. An Irish "colonel had for some time supplied his place so ef- "fectually, that there were some hopes of an heir "to that noble family, after her grace had been "married eleven years without issue."

"And so the poor fellow is to rot in jail, because "the Irish colonel has so effectually served this no- "ble family! forbid it, justice! forbid it, mercy!"

THE INTERCESSION.

THE next morning having intelligence of the place of confinement of Le Sieur Tournelle, I wrote to the master of the company of barber-surgeons, proposing to pay all the expenses attending his imprisonment, and to find sureties for his never trespassing again. In this letter I mentioned the Count de B——'s name, to whom I also communicated the affair; and received a very polite answer, in which I was informed, Tournelle's confinement was more owing to his obstinacy, in not submitting to the concessions prescribed him, than to any incapacity of paying the fees, or taking up a license.

I now waited upon Tournelle, whom I found in very good spirits, relying upon the duchess's protection, upon her return from the country, where he had been informed she had resided for some time

past. I had some difficulty at first to convince him of his error in this respect; but when I mentioned to him the Irish colonel, who had been one of his customers, and the other circumstances attending his connections with the duchess; and added, that, to my certain knowledge, she had not been a night absent from Paris these two months, he lowered his tone, and very submissively entreated my intercession.

I then told him the terms upon which I would obtain his liberty, and reimburse all the expenses which this affair had occasioned.

This was his marriage with Mademoiselle Laborde. To this he readily consented, saying, she was the only woman he had ever really loved; and that I could not propose to him a more agreeable match; as he certainly should have married her before this time, if he had not been prevented by his confinement.

DOUBTS.

Casuists and theologians will, perhaps, oppose their doctrines to my conduct, and pronounce the part I took in Tournelle's behalf rather Jesuitical. ——I had my doubts.

Whether this man may not be happy united to a woman, who though she has been guilty of errors, is conscious of them, and seems perfectly penitent?

Or,

Whether, by informing him of the real state of her conduct, I may not make him miserable, and

prevent an union which might make them both contented?

All her publick errors had been committed, whilst he was estranged from the world: and ignorance in this respect was to him virtue on her behalf;—but then the powers of malice—

> On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
> Whilst virtuous actions are but born and die.

THE RESOLUTION.

I ACQUAINTED Madame de Rambouillet with all the steps I had taken, and consulted with her which was the most eligible way of proceeding. She said she would send for him to dress her; and whilst she was under the operation, she would introduce a conversation, wherein a similar character to Mademoiselle Laborde's should be presented to his opinion; and, if he thought such a woman a proper candidate for matrimony, no intelligence he might afterwards receive from the slanderous world could affect his peace.

THE OPERATION.

HAIR-DRESSING is now so prevalent all over Europe, and even America (for many an *honest Peruquier* has made a voyage to that quarter of the globe,) that it does not seem in the least ridiculous for a *man*, much less a lady, to sit a couple of hours to *have* their heads tortured with hot irons. Christian

charity upon this occasion dictates a prayer, in behalf of the inhabitants of the pole——for burning is a horrid death.

Two hours are nothing. I am absolutely too modest. A French lady would be ashamed to retire from her toilette in three. This surely then was a sufficient period to discuss the matters in point——Madame de Rambouillet's head, and Mademoiselle Laborde's—character.

THE CONVERSATION.

MADAME DE RAMBOUILLET.

Is it possible, then, you could admire a woman after she had been guilty of a *faux pas* with another man.

Tournelle. That, Madame, would depend entirely on circumstances.

Madame. What circumstances are those?

Tour. First, whether she had given him the preference by choice; whether she was compelled; or whether necessity had driven her to the deed.

Madame. So then, in either of these cases, you could forgive a woman whom you had once loved!

Tour. Provided her future conduct strongly testified that her sentiments were not contaminated; and that her past behaviour would serve her as a beacon, to avoid the shoals which so many females split upon.

Madame. What, then, you could forgive her having had a variety of lovers, if you was satisfied that

necessity had compelled her, and that she wa: fectly reclaimed?

Tour. The number, Madame, I think of nc sequence in this case: the sentiment and pr disposition are the chief objects.

Madame. And could you think of marrying man under such circumstances?

Tour. If I had ever loved her well enoug have wedded her, I suppose I should be blind en to her past failings; and, perhaps, vain enou think that her future husband might reform he an excellent wife.

Madame. I approve of your good sense; ai half the Parisian husbands had reasoned wi much justice towards their wives, I believe would not be half the number of cuckolds or old-makers.——Bless me! you have burnt off a a capital curl! what must be done?

Tour. Que Diable! This comes of marriag But I can soon rectify the deficiency of the o of a lady's head, be it ever so great.——I wil immediately for my last new invented *tete;* w I am sure, Madame, you will approve of.

Madame. "*Ah! Monsieur Tournelle, il n'y* "*moyen.*"

Tour. "*N'ayez pas peur—je retournerai dan* "*stant.*"

THE MARRIAGE.

I WOULD not have the reader, let him be ev superstitious, imagine that this accident wa way ominous: for I can assure him, that to thi

I do not know any one thing which hath occurred, that could in any respect be supposed portended by it. As to the marriage, it took place very shortly: I gave away Mademoiselle Laborde, now Madame *St. Honore*, or even *Renomme*.

What can I say more?

She is pregnant. And, if I am at Paris at the time of the christening, I am to stand godfather; if not, I shall be sponsor by proxy.

N. B. Mons. Tournelle strenuously objected to the clerical claims of *cuisage* and *jambage*.—But he did not reside in *la Rue Tireboddin*.

MYSELF.

HAVING thus cleanly, honestly, morally, and *almost* virtuously, got Mademoiselle Laborde off my hands, I have nobody now to mind but myself.

Perhaps the reader may imagine that I should pay some attention to Madame de Rambouillet, the Count de B——, the Merchande de gands d'amour, the Marquis de B***, Monsieur P——, the Farmer General, Madame de G——, Madame de V——, Monsieur D——, the Abbe M——, the Count de Faineant, and all the rest of my Parisian acquaintance. To this I say, *No*.

Myself—is what I have not for some months looked into——with this being I must now converse; leaving the frivolity of *petits maitres* to be gratified with all their unsubstantial enjoyments—their ideal pleasures.

How stands the great account between me and

reason? some hath been paid, but much more still is due.—A long, long reckoning.—Alas! when shall I strike a balance?

O, my Eugenius! when we reflect upon the quick transition of time, the ridiculous goals of so great a part of the course of life, its short duration, the phantoms we pursue, the shadows that we grasp, I blush to take a view of myself, and would procrastinate a scrutiny which harrows me at reflection.

VANITY, FOLLY.

How magnificent are your altars! how numerous your votaries! how great your sacrifices!

THE VISIT.

When I had got thus far in this moral self-disquisition, I heard a carriage stop at the door, and looking from the window, perceived the Count de B——inquiring for Monsieur Yorick, or Monsieur Sterne. He saw me at the window, and instantly alighted.

He came up stairs, with much seeming satisfaction in his countenance upon finding me at home; he said he had had some difficulty in discovering my place of abode; that nobody knew Monsieur Yorick; and that, had he not luckily met with the celebrated Mr. W——es upon the Pont Neuf, he should never have thought of inquiring for Mr. Sterne; but *that* Mr. W——es explained to him the enigma, and that he had ordered his bookseller to bind him

immediately, in elegant binding, the volumes of Tristram Shandy, together with his sermons.

Such a compliment naturally excited me to pay an oblique one to his philanthropy and great erudition, which, however, was soon melted down into politicks. Mr. W——es, his partizans and opponents, furnished us with matter of conversation for near an hour; in which the Count displayed great judgment, and a very extensive knowledge of the constitution, laws, and customs of England; and appeared perfectly well acquainted with all the celebrated political characters of the age.

"But, after all, said the Count, this is not the subject of my visit. Monsieur de L——, with the assistance of the Abbé T——, has made very free with the Marquis de M——, in a pamphlet handed about. Now," continued he, "I have written an answer to it, in which I have the vanity to think I have fairly retorted the argument, as well as the raillery upon him; and I wanted to consult with you upon a proper device by way of frontispiece.

"My conceit is an elephant learning to dance upon the slack-rope, being taught by a monkey."

THE OBJECTION.

"Monsieur le Comte," said I, "since you do me the honour to consult me upon the occasion, I hope you will not be offended at my speaking without reserve."

"By no means," replied he.

"*Why, Monsieur le Comte*, the thought is good; *but, pardonnez moi*, it is not new."

"*Not new!* where is it to be met with?"

AN ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

"LORD GRIMSTONE, when at school, about the "age of thirteen, wrote a comedy, called the *Law-* "*yer's Fortune*. This production was so far from "possessing any dramatick merit, that it contained "scarce any thing but palpable inconsistencies; "however, when the very juvenile years of the au- "thor are considered, and that the publication of it "was probably owing to the partiality of parents in "the gratification of a childish vanity; and when it "is also considered, that at a mature time of life, "the author himself, upon a review of it, becoming "sensible of its imperfections, took every possible "means to call in the impression, and, if possible "prevent so indifferent a performance standing "forth in evidence against even his childish talents "such an error seemed, to all impartial people, suf- "ficiently apologized for; and indeed the severe "criticks are less to be blamed than a certain lady "who called it forth from obscurity. This was the "late Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, who, in the "course of an opposition which she thought prope "to make to this gentleman, in an election fo "members of parliament, where he stood a candi "date, caused a large impression of this play to b "printed at her own expense, and to be distribute "among the electors, with a frontispiece, conveyin "a reflection on his lordship's understanding. Th "device was, *an elephant dancing on a slack rop* "This gentleman, nevertheless, carried his electio "in despite of this attempt to make him ridicul "in the eyes of his constituents."

THE MONKEY.

"*Fort bien, Monsieur, mais ou est le singe ?*"

"Very well, sir, but where is the monkey ?"

"Oh ! I give up the monkey, Monsieur le Comte, "though there was something very like one in the "back ground."

CONVICTION.

There is nothing more difficult than to convince a Frenchman of a mistake, especially when his wit or judgment seems to be called in question ; so that, though the Comte de B—— was a very accomplished gentleman, still he had so much of the Frenchman in him, that I saw him redden, as soon as I mentioned the old duchess's allegorical frontispiece ; and I could find he would willingly have purchased all the dispersed copies of the Lawyer's Fortune, at a higher price than Lord Grimstone, to have secured to himself the merit of novelty.

POLITESSE.

However, the Count preserved every possible external mark of *politesse ;* and seemed pleased with a hint I gave him to improve his plate ; he insisted on my eating soup with him the very next day, but added,——"*Vous me ferrez un plaisir tres* "*singulier, de ne mentionner a personne l'idée que* "*vous m'avez donnée a l'egard* de cette planche."

"You will, said he, confer a singular pleasure on "me, if you mention to no one the hint you gave me "me concerning this plate."

I promised him I would not.

For this reason I suppressed it here; though perhaps I might thereby lay claim to some Hogarthian merit—and it might have served as a very proper frontispiece to these four volumes of Sentimental Travels.

But Yorick's word is no jest.

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity has been the source of human misery What a price did Eve pay for it? What a price is every day paid for it by the human race? It may be divided into two classes: The first is, the desire of being acquainted with past times by the means of history, of discovering the secrets of nature, fathoming the depths of science, and such like laudable pursuits. This class of curiosity cannot be too strenuously and constantly preserved and excited, as, by an acquaintance with the past, we learn how to behave upon occasions that offer; for, as Cicero says "*Nescire quod antequam natus esses actum est, id* "*semper esse fuerum.*"

The second class of curiosity, is an inquisitiveness after the business and pursuits of other people and it is this kind of curiosity which must always be condemned.

The ancient inhabitants of Crete enacted laws whereby they were forbidden, on pain of being pu

lickly whipt, ever to inquire of a foreigner who he was, from whence he came, or what was his business; and those who answered such questions were deprived of the use of fire and water. The reason they assigned for enacting this law was, that men, by not interfering with the business of others, might the better attend to their own.

Good Heaven! if such a law were in force in Europe, and particularly in Paris, which is the centre of curiosity, how much more would the curiosity of the Parisians be excited by the displaying of those charms, which indeed the ladies do not take much pains to hide, but which they would be greatly mortified to have thus publickly exposed and castigated! Not that they would be destitute of male companions in these perambulations; for I believe the *petits maitres* in this city are the greatest gossips on earth.

These curious impertinents seem to have no ideas of their own, or which they have borrowed from books; all their knowledge may be said to consist in their neighbours actions; and whilst they repeat what they have learnt, by way of censure, forget the ridiculous and infamous character they then appear in.

Plutarch and Pliny have both written encomiums upon Marcus Pontius, a Roman, who never had the curiosity to inquire about what passed at Rome, nor in the houses of his nearest neighbours. But this is a singular example, which will never be imitated, whilst politicks, and news of every species, seem to engross the sole attention of mankind.

THE CRITICISM.

I AM aware that the snarlers will immediately be let loose upon me.—"So, Mr. Yorick, you would "suppress all curiosity, all thirst of knowledge, ex- "cept what may immediately come under the head "of science——Who the p—x then would read "your works."

Answer—There would then be nothing else read, as they contain the essence of learning, the depth of science, and the *ne plus ultra* of genius.

THE APPLICATION.

I SHALL now set forth my reasons for having such an objection to Parisian curiosity in particular.

On the same floor with me dwelt a man, who had the appearance of an officer: he was at the gate when the Count de B—— inquired for me, by two different names. They were both foreign to his ear and his understanding, and this was sufficient to excite his curiosity. He popped his head into every coffee-house in Paris, to gain intelligence concerning me: what he there learned respecting me, he added to his former enigmatical account, in order as poisons expel poisons, to extract more venom out of my character.

In every coffee-house in Paris, is posted a political lion, or court-spy, who reports every thing that falls within his observation, which he thinks will please the ministry, or lead to any discoveries. My name being thus handed about, there were no less

than thirty-two different accounts concerning me, the next morning, upon the Duke de C——'s bureau, all concluding that I was a dangerous person.

I that day paid a visit to the Count de B—, with whom I also dined. During my absence, my lodgings were searched, all my papers seized, and a *lettre de catchet* was waiting for me at my return.

PROVIDENCE.

Dark and intricate are the ways of Providence!—Short-sighted mortals, it were not fitting you should pry into futurity; or could ye, the knowledge of events hereafter, so far from accelerating your happiness, would but increase your misery.

With what spirits did I dress to wait upon the Count! With what an air of cheerfulness and satisfaction did I step into the coach, and order the *cocher* to drive to his hotel! Little did I think, at that very moment the hand of the minister was subscribing to my fate.

The Count de B.— met me with the greatest politeness; and told me as a secret, that the Duke de C—l had highly applauded my conceit. "He is to "dine here."—Scarce had he uttered these words, before the minister appeared. The Count introduced me to the Duke; but I perceived a reserve and coyness in his address, which I had never before observed in a Frenchman.

They retired for some time. The Count returned and asked me several questions, which I answered with my usual frankness. They were out of the

common road; but I thought he was entitled to an explication.

In about a quarter of an hour, the Duke returned with the Count; when there was a serenity and openness in the minister's countenance, to which it had been quite estranged before. The company increased, when the conversation was general, sprightly, and agreeable.

MY RETURN.

No sooner had my coach stopped at the gate than my host came running out to tell me, if I was not inclined to lie in the *Bastile*, to drive away as fast as I could. Surprised at this intimation, I desired him to get into the coach, and we drove round several streets; when he informed me of all that had happened.

"Good G—d! is this possible!——when I dined "this very day with the Duke de C—l, and have not "left him half an hour!—Ah! the mystery is explain- "ed:——it is certain that an honest man could not "be guilty of such dissimulation;——and I will lie "to-night in my old lodgings."

"*Pour l'amour de Dieu, ne retournez pas.*"

"What have I to fear? I trust in the justness "and the uprightness of my intentions."

Saying this, I returned to my hotel, where, when I had alighted, I found all my papers sent back with this short note from the Count.

"*Vous avez des ennemis; mais n'ayez pas peur:— "on voit que vous êtes un honnete homme.*"

"You have enemies: but be not afraid:—it is "perceived that you are an honest man."

A FAREWELL TO PARIS.

HAD not this last proceeding given me much disgust to living under a government where neither a man's person nor property are safe, let him be ever so innocent; and where, had it not been for a mere accident, I might have languished out the remainder of my days in a loathsome dungeon; I say, Eugenius, had not this consideration prevailed, the letter which I received from thee, wherein the cause of protracting your journey, your severe illness, was so strongly depicted, would not have let me remain one day longer in the paradise of coquettes, the elysium of *petits-maîtres*, and the centre of frivolity.

I packed up my little baggage, wrote a complimentary letter to the Count de B——, another to Madame de Rambouillet, and set out that very evening for Calais.

THE POST CHAISE.

I HAD no sooner got into my post-chaise, than I began to consider the advantages of my present journey, the plan I had proposed, and how far I had compassed it.

"They order this matter better in France."

This assertion produced my voyage. I was piqued to have it doubted, whether I was authorised

to make it, and was resolved to be convinced by ocular demonstration.

The reader's curiosity hath, I dare say, though an Englishman, been upon the tenter-hooks of impatience all this while, to know what this matter was, and whether it really was ordered better in France.

It is time he should be satisfied.

The subject in debate was the inconvenience of drinking healths whilst at meals: and toasts afterwards: and I carelessly said, upon what I thought good information, "They order this matter better in "France."

"HEALTHS ARE ABOLISHED, AND TOASTS NEVER "WERE ADOPTED."

So far I was right: so far I have compassed the design for my voyage.

But whether this was *tant mieux* or *tant pis*, notwithstanding my thorough knowledge, at present, in the precise meaning of these two expressions in the French dialect, I shall leave the reader to determine.

CHANTILLY.

BY the time I had run over these observations and reflections, we (that is the two horses first, the postillion and myself, for I had no other companions) had got to this delightful retreat of the Prince of Conde.

This *chateau* is considered by connoiseurs in architecture to be one of the most perfect structures of the kind. The apartments are sumptuous, and can be surpassed by nothing but the furniture. The gardens are finely laid out, and very happily dispos-

ed. Upon the whole, this is one of the most elegant and convenient spots in all France, as well from its vicinity to the capital, as from its being so agreeably intersected with water.

We did not change horses here; but my curiosity, from the accounts I had heard of this seat, induced me to stop and take a survey of it; a circumstance I lamented having omitted in my way to Paris: and the gratification I received, amply repaid the small expense it had occasioned me.

AMIENS.

NOTHING very material occurred to me till we arrived at this city; "nor did any thing very important happen then," the reader will probably pronounce.

I arrived here about one o'clock, and finding a keen appetite strongly prompt to inquire after dinner, I asked my host what he could speedily provide me.

"*Tout ce que vous voulez.*"

"Every thing you please."

A very comprehensive bill of fare.

"But what have you got in the house?"

"*Tout ce que vous voulez.*"

"Have you any partridges?"

"*Non.*"

"Any woodcocks?"

"*Non.*"

"Any ducks?"

"*Non.*"

"Any pullets?"

"*Non, Monsieur, qui sont propres a manger.*"

"No sir, none that are fit for eating."

"Then you may as well not have them for a man "who is riding post."

"Any fish?"

"*Point de tout aujourd'hui.*"

"None to-day."

"What the p—x then does every thing consist "of?"

"*Des coutelets, de mouton a la Maintenon.*"

"Mutton chops with Maintenon sauce."

"In the name of famine, let's have them, good "Mr. Bonniface."

The conceit was lost upon him, for two reasons; first, he did not understand English; and, secondly, if he had, without knowing the character in the play, he never could have conceived, that his meagre carcase could convey the least idea of such a name.

THE HUE AND CRY.

It is a dangerous thing for a man, especially an Englishman, to set his mind upon a good meal, when he travels in France. If he can put up with an omelette, soup-meagre, or a fricassee of frogs, which are in great plenty, he need entertain no apprehensions of starving: but if his ideas should be engrossed with a buttock or a sirloin of beef, alas! alas! how great would be his disappointment, from his first setting foot at Calais, till he was ready to embark at Marseilles!

My disappointment was still greater; for, though *I had* reduced all my pretensions to eating to a con-

ple of mutton chops, after having my imagination raised to whatever I could think of, still these very chops were not to be found. A scrap of mutton, of about two pounds, on which my landlord had built all his foundation for good eating was vanished.

"*Que diable, ou est le mouton?*"

"What the d—l is become of the mutton?"

Et pest f—tre ou est mouton?

[Untranslatable.]

Every corner of the kitchen, every creek of the pantry was searched,——but no mutton was to be found.

THE DISCOVERY.

At length, when I was upon the point of resuming my chaise, and deferring the gratification of my appetite to the next post, *Monsieur l'Hote* had found the house-dog in possession of all our provisions, in the dust-hole: he had already gnawed one-half; but as there remained a sufficient quantity for my *coutelets de Maintenon*, I did not object to its being dressed, that the poor animal might escape the punishment with which he was so severely threatened.

ABBEVILLE.

A hungry traveller and a disappointed stomach never think the horses drive fast enough. *Depechez, depechez.*

"*Oui Monseigneur,*"—Crick—crack—crack.

The postillions in France seem to have the exclusive privilege of cracking of whips; which they

perform so very expertly, that it supplies all the use of a horn, blown by our post-boys upon their arrival at a post-house.

Crack—crack—crack.

And the horses were ready,—but halt! I've not dined.

Thank heaven for meeting with an excellent duck, and a very good bottle of Burgundy! now I can continue my journey as fast as you will.

Suppose I were to take a nap?

"Depend upon it, Mr. Yorick, the witlings will "pronounce you have been napping ever since you "left Paris."

Why, then, it is but continuing, if they do no snarl too loud.

BOULOGNE SUR MER.

Surely I have got into England without crossing the sea! how many of my countrymen! wha charms can this place have so peculiarly superior t all the other sea-ports in France?

This question I put to my host, who was an Irishman—"Its vicinity to England."

Smugglers, bankrupts, and insolvents!——Th streets swarm with them.

"Do they pay well?"

"At first."

"And can you afford to give them credit afte wards?"

"No; but there are so many fresh recruits wh "are fleeced by their countrymen, as soon as the "come over, that we can venture to trust them i "a dearth of bankruptcies."

Heavens! the needy preying upon the miserable! Or more likely——

> The delinquent and felonious traveller,
> Sucking the last drops of vital blood
> From the unfortunate and innocent traveller.

Close the scene—humanity cannot sustain it.
The post-chaise this instant.

CALAIS.

ONCE MORE.

WELL, Monsieur Dessein, you sold me a bargain;——but I forgive you.

"*En honneur, Monsieur, je refusois deux louis de*
"*plus le meme jour.*"

Modest! for an innkeeper.

"When does the packet sail for England?"

"*Ce soir Monsieur.*"

"Then take me a place, and let me have a cou-
"ple of bottles of your best Burgundy."

Adieu! oh France!—but alas! alas! the Remise calls fresh to mind every circumstance that——

Heigh! ho!

I can't explain.

Love, love, these are thy victories! these thy trophies!

THE SEA.

A DEAD, dead calm!

Mademoiselle Latouche very ill——the sea an *excellent* emetick.

"Pray, Mademoiselle, do not stand upon cere-
"mony."

"*Non, Monsieur, c'est ce que je ne fais jamais,*
"*dans des cas pareils.*"

"So I perceive—but—but"—well I had a narrow escape. So I will pay her no more compliments till we get ashore.

A fresh breeze brings us into harbour.

DOVER.

Every traveller who ever touched here, and afwards thought proper to blot paper, has given such descriptive ideas of this place, that I shall refer my readers to them and Shakespeare for a poetical description of it.

"Sir, you may go in a post-chaise with another
"gentleman as cheap as in the stage."

This my landlord informed me at the King's Head.——"Why then I have no kind of objection."

CANTERBURY.

Sir, a shilling a mile, a very bad road—nobody
"can afford to run a chaise for less, and we get
"nothing by it then."

"Why this is a most arrant imposition——Mr
"What's-his-name has deceived me—and if there
"be any redress in law, I'll have it."

"So will I," said my fellow-traveller.—He was a *lawyer.*

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

We had not travelled far from this celebrated city before we were attacked by a highwayman. My fellow-traveller was disposed to contend with him; and though he trembled every joint, whilst he ushered his *imaginary* courage to his aid, he continued talking of the poltroonery of two travellers submitting to a single highwayman.

In answer to this, I told him the contents of my purse were but very trifling; and that if I could reach London, it would accomplish the full design of my present finances; that I should therefore take two guineas out of my purse, not for the robber, but for myself. "A man," continued I, "who risks his "life, his future peace of mind, and perhaps the ex- "istence of a wife and family, upon such a business, "though illegal, deserves at least the compassion "of those who can spare a trifle."

"*'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe.*"

"You surprise me, sir, to plead so strongly in fa- "vour of a highwayman.—An Old Baily counsel "would be ashamed to go such lengths——"

"Without a fee," I replied.

By this time the highwayman had made his demand in form; and fear, enforced by the sight of a pistol, operated what pity or compassion would never have effected:—he gave up with a tremulous hand a purse which seemed to contain a considerable sum, when charity might have preserved the far greater part by a merciful and benevolent allowance.

"You are no sentimental traveller, sir, I see."

"*No,—(in a faultering voice) I never was so terrified in my life.*"

"More so, I imagine, than he who ventured a
"so many chances, the law, our contention, ou
"verty."

He sighed.—

I pitied and despised him, and we convers
more till we reached the metropolis.

LONDON.

Oh! my dear Eugenius, I fly to your arms
me embrace the dearest of friends!

How happy I am to find you recovered!—fo
hath repaid me too abundantly!

MAN.

What a strange machine is man, framed
such nice mechanism by nature's hand, that
element impedes his perfect motion! Now t
bration of the heart is too much propelled b
——now cold shivers every fibre. Where's th
medium! Tell me, philosopher, and I will ov
knowledge.

My spirits fail——my head swims.

To rest——to rest.

I cannot sleep—a book may perhaps amuse.
it divert at this sad hour?

I will indulge my melancholy.

After having read Hervey's meditations, I f
to a slumber, and by degrees a dream so st
operated, that I thought I was no longer in
of nature, but a kind of auditor to a dialog

took place between my soul and body; which, as it made a very strong impression on me, I can repeat pretty correctly.

A VISION.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN MY SOUL AND MY BODY.

BODY.

No!—never—never——will I submit to the caprices of thee, soul! What, yield to thee that sovereignty which I have preserved over thee for such a succession of years? After thou hast so implicitly obeyed my laws, shall I submit to thine, which forbid me the use of all that gives me pleasure, and compel me to embrace what I hold in the utmost abhorrence? This shall never be; thou shalt never have the satisfaction to find, that at the end of my career, I adopt thy visions for rules of conduct. How!—acknowledge, tamely acknowledge my slave to be my master, and yield to thy laws, who, from thine infancy, gavest up all pretensions to the enforcing of them! Ungrateful wretch! after thou hast partaken with me of the sweetest pleasures, thou wouldst at present testify thy acknowledgment, by depriving me of the enjoyments of life, in order to relieve thee from thy panicks and terrors. Is this the gratitude thou owest me, to undertake the destruction of that dwelling, in which thou hast been lodged so many years, and to acquit thy rent with tears, sighs, solitude, mortification, contempt, and in a word chastise me in every sensible part? No——*I will oppose* thee with all my strength; and I will

pursue, as usual, the gratification of my senses, in despite of thee and all thy misanthropy. But—ah! my soul appears—and I must listen, even against my will.

SOUL.

Thou wretched mass! bag of earth! pasture of worms! itinerant sink! horrid carcase! the abode of serpents, and the retreat of toads! darest thou to oppose the laws which I dictate to thee, for the short time which we shall now remain together, after having, by a fatal complaisance allowed thee, for such a length of time, all that thy infamous desires could crave? Art thou most ungrateful, or most criminal? Thou now refusest me a few tears, after having afforded thee, for such series of years, innumerable delights. But, alas! vain and imaginary is all terrestrial felicity! Can'st thou deny a few sighs, after so much joy; a useful solitude, after such a long and scandalous commerce with the world! some mortifications, after myriads of such vain delights; some little contempt, after so much pride; in a word, a state of repentance, so short as will be our union, for so many years of idle or vitious gratification, and of which I must one day give an account to the sovereign Judge?

Thou contemptible rebel! thou blind vessel of clay and dirt! thou, by thy disobedience, art as unworthy of my care, as I am of mercy, by my past inconsiderate partiality for thee. But mine eyes are now open: I perceive the absolute power I ought to have had over thee, and I will now exercise it. Wherefore no longer oppose my mandates; and henceforward expect nothing from me in this world

liction. I command thee to submit with pa-
, as thou canst not, from thy nature, do it with
ıre, to the keenest anguish of this life. By
esent tears, I will endeavour to purge away
ıl stains of thy past actions——thy present hu-
may obliterate the remembrance of thy for-
anity.—Have not thy works tended to the cor-
n of the age? to the depravity of the morals of
ing generation?——What recompense canst
ffer!——not thy religious discourses; they
ıt a small counterpoise, and read but by few.

AWAKE.

RE a noise in the street awoke me; and I was
o find this was only a vision: it however ope-
so strongly upon my mind, that, added to my
nt weakness, I was scarce able to support the
nbrance of it.

ıw, but too clearly saw, the justness of the rea-
g of my soul, even in sleep. What a wretch
!——how have I misapplied those talents that
e destined for superior uses!——vile dauber
ɔer!

my brain!—Eugenius! my brain!

e grim tyrant now in earnest seizes me so vi-
y by the throat, that my friend Eugenius can
e hear me cry across the table!

THE CATASTROPHE.

He's gone ! for ever gone * !

Poor Yorick ! he was a fellow of infinite j
most excellent fancy !—where be your gibe
——your flashes of merriment, that were v
set the table on a roar ?——not one now—
chop-fallen !

Alas ! alas ! alas ! poor Yorick.

This, with the spontaneous flood of frie
your Eugenius sighs.

* Mr. Sterne died in March 1768, soon after the publi
the two volumes of his Sentimental Journey.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

THE

HISTORY

OF

A GOOD WARM WATCH-COAT;

WITH WHICH

THE PRESENT POSSESSOR IS NOT CONTENT TO COVER
HIS OWN SHOULDERS, UNLESS HE CAN
CUT OUT OF IT

A PETTICOAT FOR HIS WIFE, AND A PAIR OF
BREECHES FOR HIS SON.

A POLITICAL ROMANCE.

INTRODUCTION.

As the following piece was suppressed during the lifetime of Mr. Sterne, and as there are some grounds to believe that it was not intended by him for publication, an apology may be deemed necessary for inserting it in the present edition of his works. It must be acknowledged, that a mere *jeu d'esprit* relating to a private dispute which could interest only a few, and which was intended to divert a small circle of friends, was, with great propriety, concealed while it might tend to revive departed animosities, or give pain to any of the persons who were concerned in so trifling a contest. And these considerations seem to have had weight with those to whom the MS. was intrusted, it not having been made publick until many years after it was written, nor until most of the gentlemen mentioned in it were dead. After the lapse of more than twenty years, it may be presumed that there can be no impropriety in giving one of the earliest of Mr. Sterne's *bagatelles* a place among his more important performances. The slightest sketches of a genius are too valuable to be neglected; and the present edition would be incomplete, if this composition, written immediately before Tristram Shandy, and which may be considered as the precursor of it, was omitted. As the whole of it alludes to facts and circumstances confined to the city of York, it will be necessary to observe, that it was occasioned by a controversy between Dr. Fountayne and Dr. Topham, in the year 1758, on a charge made by the latter against the former, of a breach of promise, in withholding from him some preferment, which he had reason to expect. For the better illustration of this little satire, a few notes are added, from the pamphlets which appeared while this insignificant difference was agitating.

THE

HISTORY

OF

A GOOD WARM WATCH-COAT.

SIR,

ı my last, for want of something better to write out, I told you what a world of fending and prov- g we have had of late in this little village * of ours, out an old pair of black breeches,† which John,‡ r parish-clerk, about ten years ago, it seems, had ıde a promise of to one Trim,§ who is our sexton d dog-whipper.—To this you write me word, that u have had more than either one or two occasions know a great deal of the shifty behaviour of the id master Trim,—and that you are astonished, r can you for your soul conceive, how so worth- ss a fellow, and so worthless a thing into the bar- ın, could become the occasion of so much racket I have represented.

Now, though you do not say expressly you could ısh to hear any more about it, yet I see plainly ough I have raised your curiosity; and therefore, ɔm the same motive that I slightly mentioned it

* York.

† The commissaryship of Pickering and Pocklington.

‡ Dr John Fountayne, Dean of York.

§ *Dr. Topham.*

at all in my last letter, I will in this give you a full and very circumstantial account of the whole affair.

But, before I begin, I must first set you right in one very material point, in which I have misled you, as to the true cause of all this uproar amongst us,—which does not take its rise, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches; but, on the contrary, the whole affair of the breeches has taken its rise from it.—To understand which, you must know, that the first beginning of the squabble was not betwixt John the parish-clerk and Trim the sexton, but betwixt the parson * of the parish and the said master Trim, about an old *watch-coat*,† that had hung up many years in the church, which Trim had set his heart upon; and nothing would serve Trim but he must take it home, in order to have it converted into a *warm under-petticoat* for his wife, and a *jerkin* for himself against winter; which, in a plaintive tone, he most humbly begged his reverence would consent to.

I need not tell you, sir, who have so often felt it, that a principle of strong compassion transports a generous mind sometimes beyond what is strictly right;—the parson was within an ace of being an honourable example of this very crime; for no sooner did the distinct words—*petticoat*,—*poor wife*,—*warm*,—*winter*, strike upon his ear, but his heart warmed;—and, before Trim had well got to the end of his petition (being a gentleman of a frank open temper) he told him he was welcome to it

* Dr. Hutton, Archbishop of York.

† A patent place in the gift of the Archbishop, which had been given to Dr. Topham for his life, and which, in 1758, he solicited to have granted to one of his family after his death.

with all his heart and soul.—But, Trim, says he, as you see I am but just got down to my living, and am an utter stranger to all parish-matters, knowing nothing about this old watch-coat you beg of me, having never seen it in my life, and, therefore, cannot be a judge whether 'tis fit for such a purpose; or, if it is, in truth, know not whether 'tis mine to bestow upon you or not,—you must have a week or ten days patience, till I can make some enquiries about it;—and, if I find it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an under-petticoat out of it, and you to a jerkin, was the thing as good again as you represent it.

It is necessary to inform you, sir, in this place, that the parson was earnestly bent to serve Trim in this affair, not only from the motive of generosity, which I have justly ascribed to him, but likewise from another motive, and that was by making some some sort of recompense for a multitude of small services which Trim had continually done, and indeed was continually doing (as he was much about the house) when his own man was out of the way.—For all these reasons together, I say, the parson of the parish intended to serve Trim in this matter to the utmost of his power. All that was wanting, was, previously to enquire if any one had a *claim* to it; or whether, as it had time immemorial hung up in the church, the taking it down might not raise a clamour in the parish. These enquiries were the things that Trim dreaded in his heart: he knew very well, that, if the parson should but say one word to the churchwardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this, and some *other reasons* not necessary to be told you at pres-

ent, Trim was for allowing no time in this matte —but, on the contrary, doubled his diligence ar importunity at the vicarage-house,—plagued tl whole family to death,—prest his suit morning, noo and night; and, to shorten my story, teased tl poor gentleman, who was but in an ill state health, almost out of his life about it.

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all tl hurry and precipitation, on the side of master Tri: produced its natural effect on the side of the pa son; and that was, a suspicion that all was not rig at the bottom.

He was one evening sitting alone in his stu weighing and turning this doubt every way in l mind, and, after an hour and a half's serious del eration upon the affair, and running over Trin behaviour throughout, he was just saying to hi self,—*it must be so*,—when a sudden rap at t door put an end to his soliloquy, and, in a few r nutes, to his doubts too; for a labourer in the tov who deemed himself past his fifty-second year, h been returned by the constables in the militia li and he had come with a groat in his hand to sear the parish-register for his age. The parson l the poor fellow put the groat into his pocket, a go into the kitchen,—then shutting the study-do and taking down the parish-register,—*who kno* says he, *but I may find something here about this se same watch-coat?* He had scarce unclasped t book in saying this, when he popped on the ve thing he wanted, fairly wrote in the first page, pa ed to the inside of one of the covers; whereon w a memorandum about the very thing in question, these express words:—Memorandum. "The g

"watch-coat was purchased and given, about two "hundred years ago, by the lord of the manor to "this parish-church, to the sole use and behoof of "the poor sextons thereof, and their successors for "ever, to be worn by them respectively in winterly "cold nights in ringing *complines, passing-bells, &c.* "which the said lord of the manor had done in pity, "to keep the poor wretches warm, and for the good "of his own soul, for which they were directed to "pray," &c.—*Just Heaven!* said the parson to himself, looking upwards, *what an escape have I had! Give this for an under-petticoat to Trim's wife? I would not have consented to such a desecration to be primate of all England;—nay, I would not have disturbed a single button of it for all my tythes.*

Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when in pops Trim with the whole subject of the exclamation under both his arms,—I say under both his arms,—for he had actually got it ript and cut out ready (his own jerkin under one arm, and the petticoat under the other) in order to carry to the taylor to be made up; and had just stepped in, in high spirits, to shew the parson how cleverly it had held out.

There are now many good similies subsisting in the world, but which I have time neither to recollect nor look for, which would give you a strong conception of the astonishment and honest indignation which this unexpected stroke of Trim's impudence impressed upon the parson's looks;—let it suffice to say, that it exceeded all fair description,—as well as all power of proper resentment,—except this, that Trim was ordered, in a stern voice, to lay the bundles down upon the table,—to go about his

business, and wait upon him at his peril, the 1
morning, at eleven precisely.—Against this h
like a wise man, the parson had sent to desire 1
the parish-clerk, who bore an exceeding good c
acter, as a man of truth, and who having, more
a pretty freehold of about eighteen pounds a ye
the township, was a leading man in it; and, 1
the whole, was such a one, of whom it might be
that he rather did honour to his office than tha
office did honour to him;—him he sends for,
the churchwardens, and one of the sidesmen, a g
knowing old man, to be present;—for, as Trim
withheld the whole truth from the parson touc
the watch-coat, he thought it probable he wou
certainly do the same thing to others. Th
this, I said, was wise, the trouble of the preca
might have been spared,—because the par
character was unblemished,—and he had ever
held by the world in the estimation of a man of
our and integrity.—Trim's character, on the
trary, was as well known, if not in the world, at
in all the parish, to be that of a little, dirty, p
ing, pettifogging, ambi-dextrous fellow,—who
ther cared what he did or said of any, provide
could get a penny by it. This might, I said,
made any precaution needless;—but you 1
know, as the parson had in a manner but just
down to his living, he dreaded the consequence
the least ill impression on his first entrance an
his parishioners, which would have disabled
from doing them the good he wished:—so that
of regard to his flock, more than the necessary
due to himself,—he was resolved not to lie at
mercy of what resentment might vent, or w
lend an ear to.

Accordingly the whole matter was rehearsed, from first to last, by the parson, in the manner I've told you, in the hearing of John, the parish-clerk and in the presence of Trim.

Trim had little to say for himself, except "that the parson had absolutely promised to befriend him and his wife in the affair, to the utmost of his power; that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might still give it, if he pleased."

To this the parson's reply was short, but strong: "That nothing was in his *power* to do, but what he could do *honestly;* that, in giving the coat to him and his wife, he should do a manifest wrong to the *next* sexton, the great watch-coat being the most comfortable part of the place;—that he should, moreover, injure the right of his own successor, who would be just so much a worse patron as the worth of the coat amounted to; and, in a word, he declared, that his whole intent, in promising that coat, was charity to Trim, but *wrong* to no man;—that was a reserve, he said, made in all cases of this kind: and he declared solemnly, *in verbo sacerdotis*, that this was his meaning, and was so understood by Trim himself."

With the weight of this truth, and the great good sense and strong reason which accompanied all the parson said on the subject,—poor Trim was driven to his last shift, and begged he might be suffered to plead his right and title to the watch-coat, if not by *promise*, at least by *servitude;*—it was well known how much he was entitled to it upon these scores: that he had blacked the parson's shoes without count, and greased his boots above fifty times; that he had run for eggs in the town upon all occasions,

—whetted the knives at all hours, catched his horse, and rubbed him down:—that, for his wife, she had been ready upon all occasions to char for them; and neither he nor she, to the best of his remembrance, ever took a farthing, or any thing beyond a mug of ale.——To this account of his services, he begged leave to add those of his wishes, which, he said, had been equally great—He affirmed, and was ready, he said, to make it appear, by a number of witnesses, "he had drank his reverence's health a thousand times (by the bye, he did not add out of the parson's own ale)—that he had not only drank his health, but wished it, and never came to the house but asked his man kindly how he did; that, in particular, about half a year ago, when his reverence cut his finger in paring an apple, he went half a mile * to ask a cunning woman what was good to staunch blood; and actually returned with a cobweb in his breeches-pocket. Nay, says Trim, it was not a fortnight ago, when your reverence took that strong purge, that I went to the far end of the whole town to borrow you a close stool,—and came back, as the neighbours who flouted me will all bear witness, with the pan upon my head, and never thought it too much." Trim concluded this pathetick remonstrance with saying, "he hoped his reverence's heart would not suffer him to requite so many faithful services by so unkind a return:—that if it was so, as he was the first, so he hoped he should be the last example of a

* "Long before any thing of my patent was thought of, I not "only most sincerely lamented the archbishop's illness, but made it "my business to enquire after every place and remedy that might "help his grace in his complaints."

Extract of a letter from Dr. Topham, p. 25, of Dr. Fountayne's Answer.

man of his condition so treated.—This plan of Trim's defence, which Trim had put himself upon, could admit of no other reply than a general smile.—Upon the whole, let me inform you, that all that could be said *pro* and *con*, on both sides, being fairly heard, it was plain that Trim in every part of this affair had behaved very ill;—and one thing which was never expected to be known of him, happened, in the course of this debate, to come out against him, namely, that he had gone and told the parson, before he had ever set foot in his parish,* that John, his parish-clerk, his church-wardens, and some of the heads of the parish, were a parcel of scoundrels. —Upon the upshot, Trim was kick'd out of doors, and told, at his peril, never to come there again.

At first, Trim huff'd and bounced most terribly,—swore he would get a warrant,—that nothing would serve him but he would call a bye-law, and tell the whole parish how the parson had misused him; but cooling of that, as fearing the parson might possibly bind him over to his good behaviour, and, for aught he knew, might send him to the house of correction, he lets the parson alone, and, to revenge himself, falls foul upon the clerk, who has no more to do in the quarrel than you or I,—rips up the promise of the old—cast—pair of black—plush—breeches; and raises an uproar in the town about it, notwithstanding it had slept ten years;—but all this, you must know, is looked upon in no other

* In Dr. Fountayne's pamphlet, p. 18 and 19, Dr. Topham is charged with having assured Archbishop Hutton, before he came into the diocese, that the Dean and Chapter of York were a set of *strange people;* and that he would find it very difficult, if not *impossible,* to live upon good terms with them.

light but as an artful stroke of generalship in Trim to raise a dust, and cover himself under the disgraceful chastisement he has undergone.

If your curiosity is not yet satisfied,—I will now proceed to relate the *Battle of the Breeches*, in the same exact manner I have done that of the watch-coat:—

Be it known then, that about ten years ago, when John was appointed parish-clerk of this church, this said Trim took no small pains to get into John's good graces, in order, as it afterwards appeared, to coax a promise out of him of a pair of breeches, which John had then by him, of black plush, not much the worse for wearing.—Trim only begged, for God's sake, to have them bestowed upon him when John should think fit to cast them.

Trim was one of those kind of men who loved a bit of finery in his heart; and would rather have a tatter'd rag of a better body's, than the best plain whole thing his wife could spin him.

John, who was naturally unsuspicious, made no more difficulty of promising the breeches than the parson had done in promising the great coat; and indeed with something less reserve,—because the breeches were John's *own;* and he could give them, without wrong, to whom he thought fit.

It happened, I was going to say unluckily, but I should rather say most luckily for Trim, for he was the only gainer by it, that a quarrel, about some six or eight weeks after this, broke out betwixt *the* * *late* parson of the parish and John the clerk. Somebody (and it was thought to be nobody, but Trim) *had* put it into the parson's head, "that John's

* Archbishop Herring.

desk,* in the church, was at least four inches higher than it should be;—that the thing gave offence, and was indecorous, inasmuch as it approached too near upon a level with the parson's desk itself"—This hardship the parson complained of loudly; and told John, one day after prayers, "he could bear it no longer;—and would have it altered, and brought down as it should be."——John made no other reply, but "that the desk was not of his raising:—that 'twas not one hair-breadth higher than he found it;—and that as he found it, so he would leave it. In short, he would neither make an encroachment, neither would he suffer one."—The *late* parson might have his virtues, but the leading part of his character was not *humility*;—so that John's stiffness in this point was not likely to reconcile matters.—This was Trim's harvest.

After a friendly hint to John to stand his ground, away hies Trim to make his market at the vicarage.—What passed there I will not say, intending not to be uncharitable; so shall content myself with only guessing at it from the sudden change that appeared in Trim's dress for the better;—for he had left his old ragged coat, hat, and wig, in the stable, and was come forth strutting across the churchyard, yclad in a good charitable cast coat, large hat, and wig, which the parson had just given him.——"Ho! ho! hollo! John," cries Trim, in an insolent bravo, as loud as ever he could bawl,—"see here, my lad, how fine I am!"——The more shame for you, answered John, seriously.—Do you think,

* This alludes to the right of appointing preachers for the vacant stalls, which Dr. Fountayne, as Dean of York, claimed against the *Archbishop*.

Trim, says he, such finery, gained by such services, becomes you, or can wear well?—Fye upon it, Trim, I could not have expected this from you, considering what friendship you pretended, and how kind I have ever been to you;—how many shillings and sixpences I have generously lent you in your distresses.—Nay, it was but the other day that I promised you these black plush breeches I have on. ——Rot your breeches, quoth Trim (for Trim's brain was half turn'd with his new finery) rot your breeches, says he,—I would not take them up were they laid at my door;—give them, and be d——d to you, to whom you like:—I would have you to know, I can have a better pair of the parson's any day in the week.——John told him plainly, as his word had once passed him, he had a spirit above taking advantage of his insolence, in giving them away to another;—but, to tell him his mind freely, he thought he had got so many favours of that kind, and was so likely to get many more for the same services, of the parson, that he had better give up the breeches, with good nature, to some one who would be more thankful for them.

Here John mentioned Mark * Slender (who it seems the day before had asked John for them) not knowing they were under promise to Trim.—— "Come, Trim, says he, let poor Mark have them, —you know he has not a pair to his a—; besides, you see he his just of my size, and they will fit to a T: whereas if I give 'em to you, look ye, they are not worth much; and, besides, you could not get your backside into them, if you had them, without

* Dr. Braithwaite.

tearing them all to pieces."—Every tittle of this was most undoubtedly true; for Trim, you must know, by foul-feeding, and playing the goodfellow at the parson's, was grown somewhat gross about the lower parts, *if not higher;* so that, as all John said upon the occasion was fact, Trim, with much ado, and after a hundred *hums* and *hahs*, at last, out of mere compassion to Mark, *signs*,* *seals*, *and delivers up* ALL RIGHT, *interest*, *and pretensions whatsoever*, *in and to the said breeches*, *thereby binding his heirs*, *executors*, *administrators*, *and assigns*, *never more to call the said claim in* QUESTION.—All this renunciation was set forth, in an ample manner, to be in pure pity to Mark's nakedness;—but the secret was, Trim had an eye to, and firmly expected, in his own mind, the great green pulpit-cloth, † and old velvet cushion, which were that very year to be taken down;—which, by the bye, could he have wheedled John a second time, as he had hoped, would have made up the loss of the breeches sevenfold.

Now you must know, this pulpit-cloth and cushion were not in John's gift, but in the church-wardens, ‡ &c. However, as I said above, that John was a leading man in the parish, Trim knew he could help him to 'em if he would;—but John had

* Extract of a letter from Dr. Topham to Dr. Fountayne:—"As Dr. Ward has proposed to resign the jurisdiction of Pickering and Pocklington to Dr. Braithwaite, if you have not any other objection, I shall very readily give up what *interest* arises to me in these jurisdictions from your friendship and regard."

P. 5 of Dr. Fountayne's answer to Dr. Topham.

† The commissaryship of Dean of York, and the commissaryship of the Dean and Chapter of York.

‡ The members of the Chapter.

got a surfeit of him,—so, when the pulpit-cloth, &c were taken down, they were immediately give (John having a great say in it) to William Doe, who understood very well what use to make c them.

As for the old breeches, poor Mark lived to wea them but a short time; and they got into the pos session of Lorry Slim, † an unlucky wight, by whor they are still worn:—in truth, as you will gues they are very thin by this time.

But Lorry has a light heart; and what recom mends them to him is this,—that, thin as they ar he knows that Trim, let him say what he will to th contrary, still envies the *possessor* of them; anc with all his pride, would be very glad to wear ther after *him*.

Upon this footing have these affairs slept quietl for near ten years;—and would have slept for eve but for the unlucky kicking-bout, which, as I saic has ripped this squabble up afresh; so that it wa no longer ago than last week, that Trim met and insulted John in the publick town-way before a hun dred people;—tax'd him with the promise of th old cast pair of black breeches, notwithstandin Trim's solemn renunciation;—twitted him with th pulpit-cloth, and velvet cushion;—as good as tol him he was ignorant of the common duties of hi clerkship; adding, very insolently, that he knev not so much as to give out a common psalm in tune

* Mr. Stables.

† Mr. Sterne himself.

‡ At the Sessions-dinner, where Dr. Topham charged Dr Foun*taine with* the breach of his promise, in giving the Commissaryshi *of Pocklington* and Pickering to another person.

John contented himself by giving a plain answer to every article that Trim had laid to his charge, and appealed to his neighbours, who remembered the whole affair;—and, as he knew there was never any thing to be got by wrestling with a chimney-sweeper, he was going take his leave of Trim for ever. But hold,—the mob by this time had got round them, and their high mightinesses insisted upon having Trim tried upon the spot.

Trim was accordingly tried; and after a full hearing, was convicted a second time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them than even at the parson's.

—Trim, says one, are you not ashamed of yourself to make all this rout and disturbance in the town, and set neighbours together by the ears, about an old,—worn-out,—pair of cast—breeches, not worth half a crown? Is there a cast coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a shilling, but what you have snapped up like a greedy hound as you are?

In the first place, are you not sexton and dog-whipper,* worth three pounds a year? Then you begged the churchwardens to let your wife have the washing and darning of the church-linen, which

* "In the first place, would any one imagine that Dr. Topham, "who was now Master of the Faculties,—Commissary to the Arch-"bishop of York,—Official to the Archdeacon of York,—Official "to the Archdeacon of the East Riding,—Official to the Archdea-"con of Cleveland,—Official to the peculiar jurisdiction of How-"denshire,—Official to the Precentor,—Official to the Chancellor "of the Church of York,—and Official to several of the Prebenda-"ries thereof, could accept of so poor an addition as a Commissary-"ship of five guineas per annum?"

P. S. of Dr. Fountayne's Answer to Dr. Topham

brings you in thirteen shillings and four-pence :—then you have six shillings and eight-pence for oiling and winding up the clock; both paid you at Easter :—the pounder's place, which is worth forty shillings a year, you have got that too :—you are the bailiff, which the late parson got you, which brings you in forty shillings more.

Besides all this, you have six pounds a year paid you quarterly, for being mole-catcher to the parish. ——Aye, says the luckless wight above-mentioned (who was standing close by him with the plush breeches on) "you are not only mole-catcher, Trim, but you catch STRAY CONIES too in the *dark*, and you pretend a licence for it; which, I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter sessions."——I maintain it, I have a licence, says Trim, blushing as red as scarlet,—I have a licence; and, as I farm a warren in the next parish, I will catch conies every hour in the night.——*You catch conies!* says a toothless old woman just passing by.

This set the mob a laughing, and sent every man home in perfect good humour, except Trim, who waddled very slowly off, with that kind of inflexible gravity only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and surpassed by none.

I am, sir,

yours, &c. &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE broke open my letter to inform you, that I missed the opportunity of sending it by the messenger, who, I expected, would have called upon

me in his return through this village to York; so it has lain a week or ten days by me.—I am not sorry for the disappointment, because something has since happened, in continuation of this affair, which I am thereby enabled to transmit to you, all under one trouble.

When I finished the above account, I thought (as did every soul in the parish) Trim had met with so thorough a rebuff from John the parish-clerk, and the town's folks, who all took against him, that Trim would be glad to be quiet, and let the matter rest.

But, it seems, it is not half an hour ago since Trim * sallied forth again; and, having borrowed a sow-gelder's horn,—with hard blowing he got the whole town round him, and endeavoured to raise a disturbance, and fight the whole battle over again; —alleged, that he had been used in the last fray worse than a dog; not by John, the parish-clerk, for I should not, quoth Trim, have valued him a rush single hands;—but all the town sided with him; and twelve men in *buckram* † set upon me, all at once, and kept me in play at sword's point for three hours together.

Besides, quoth Trim, there were two misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green, who lay all the while in ambush in John's own house; and they, all sixteen, came upon my back, and let drive at me all together:—a plague, says Trim, of all cowards.

Trim repeated his story above a dozen times, which made some of the neighbours pity him, thinking the poor fellow crack-brain'd, and that he actually believed what he said.

* Alluding to Dr. Topham's reply to Dr. Fountayne's answer.

† *In Dr. Topham's reply*, he asserts, that Dr. Fountayne's answer *was the child and offspring of many parents*, p. 1.

After this Trim dropped the affair of the b
es, and began a fresh dispute about the re
desk; which I told you had occasioned some
dispute between the *late* parson and John
years ago.—This reading-desk, as you will ol
was but an episode wove into the main story
bye; for the main affair was *the battle of the*
es and the great coat.

However, Trim being at last driven out of
two citadels,—he has seized hold, in his retr
this reading-desk, with a view, as it seems,
shelter behind it.

I cannot say but the man has fought it out
nately enough; and, had his cause been g
should have really pitied him. For, when h
driven out of the great watch-coat, you see
not run away. No;—he retreated *behind the*
es; and when he could make nothing of it
the breeches, he got *behind the reading-desk*
what other hold Trim will next retreat, the
cians of this village are not agreed. Some
the next move will be towards the rear of *th*
son's boot; but as it is thought he cannot m
long stand there, others are of opinion, that
will once more in his life get hold of *the pa*
horse, and charge upon him, or perhaps b
him, but as the horse is not easy to be caugl
more general opinion is, that, when he is driv
of the reading-desk, he will make his last retr
such a manner, as, if possible, to gain the *close*
and defend himself behind it to the very last d

If Trim should make this movement, by m
vice, he should be left, besides his citadel,
possession of the field of battle, where 'tis

e will keep every body a league off, and may hop y himself till he is weary. Besides, as Trim eems bent upon *purging* himself, and may have bundance of foul humours to work off, I think he annot be better placed.

But this is all matter of speculation.—Let me arry you back to matter of fact, and tell you what ind of stand Trim has actually made behind the aid desk:—"Neighbours and townsmen all, I will e sworn before my Lord Mayor, that John and his ineteen men in *buckram* have abused me worse an a dog, for they told you that I play'd fast-and-o-loose with the *late* parson and him in that old ispute of theirs about the *reading-desk;* and that I ade matters worse between them, and not better."

Of this charge, Trim declared he was as innocent s the child that was unborn;—that he would be ook-sworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a strong witness, and moreover in-nuated, that John himself, instead of being angry or what he had done in it, had actually thanked im.—Aye, Trim, says the wight in the plush reeches, but that was, Trim, the day before John ound thee out. Besides, Trim, there is nothing in at; for the very year that you was made town's ounder, thou knowest well that I both thanked thee yself, and moreover gave thee a good warm sup-er for turning John Lund's cows and horses out of y hard corn-close, which if thou hadst not done (as ou toldst me) I should have lost my whole crop; hereas John Lund and Thomas Patt, who are both ere to testify, and are both willing to take their aths *on't,* that thou thyself wast the very man who t *the gate* open;—and after all, it was not thee,

Trim, 'twas the blacksmith's poor lad who tur
them out;—so that a man may be thanked and
warded too for a good turn which he never did,
never did intend.

Trim could not sustain this unexpected stro
—so Trim marched off the field without colours
ing, or his horn sounding, or any other ensign
honour whatever.—Whether, after this, Trim
tends to rally a second time,—or whether he
not take it into his head to claim the victory,—
but Trim himself can inform you.

However, the general opinion upon the who
this, that, in three several pitch'd battles, Trim
been so *trimm'd* as never disastrous hero was *trim*
before.

THE

FRAGMENT.

THE

FRAGMENT.

CHAP. I.

Shewing two things; first, what a Rabelaic fellow Longinus Rabelaicus is; and, secondly, how cavalierly he begins his book.

My dear and thrice reverend brethren, as well archbishop and bishops, as the *rest* of the inferior clergy! would it not be a glorious thing, if any man of genius and capacity amongst us for such a work, was fully bent within himself, to sit down immediately and compose a thorough-stitched system of the *Kerukopædia*, fairly setting forth, to the best of his wit and memory, and collecting for that purpose all that is needful to be known and understood of that art?——Of what art? cried Panurge.——Good God! answered Longinus (making an exclamation, but taking care at the same time to moderate his voice) why, of the art of making all kinds of your theological, hebdodomical, rostrummical, humdrumical what-d'ye-call-ems.——I will be shot, quoth Epistemon, if all this story of thine of a roasted horse, is simply no more than S—— Sausages! quoth Panurge.——Thou hast fallen twelve feet and about five inches below the mark, answer'd Epistemon; for I hold them to be sermons;—which said

word (as I take the matter) being but a word of low degree for a book of high rhetorick,—Longinus Rabelaicus was fore-minded to usher and lead in his dissertation with as much pomp and parade as he could afford;—and, for my own part, either I know no more of Latin than my horse, or the *Kerukopædia* is nothing but the art of making 'em.——And why not, quoth Gymnast, of preaching them when we have done?—Believe me, dear souls, this is half in half;—and if some skilful body would but put us in a way to do this to some *tune*,——Thou wouldst not have them *chanted*, surely? quoth Triboulet, laughing.——No; nor *canted* neither! quoth Gymnast, crying.——But what I mean, my friends, says Longinus Rabelaicus (who is certainly one of the greatest criticks in the western world, and as Rabelaic a fellow as ever existed)—what I mean, says he, interrupting them both and resuming his discourse, is this, that if all the scatter'd rules of the *Kerukopædia* could be but once carefully collected into one code, as thick as Panurge's head, and the whole *cleanly* digested—(Pooh! says Panurge, who felt himself aggrieved)—and bound up, continued Longinus, by way of a regular institute, and then put into the hands of every licensed preacher in Great-Britain and Ireland, just before he began to compose, I maintain it,——I deny it flatly, quoth Panurge.——What? answer'd Longinus Rabelaicus, with all the temper in the world.

CHAP II.

ich the reader will begin to form a judgment of at an historical, dramatical, anecdotical, allegor-', and comical kind of a work he has got hold of.

MENAS, who had to preach next Sunday (before knows whom) knowing nothing at all of the r,—was all this while at it as hard as he could , in the very next room:—for having fouled lean sheets of his own, and being quite stuck n the entrance upon his third general *division*, inding himself unable to get either forwards or vards with any grace,—"Curse it," says he eby excommunicating every mother's son who ld think differently) "why may not a man law-call in for help in this, as well as any other hu-emergency?"—So without any more argumen-, except starting up and nimming down from p shelf but one, the second volume of Clark, h without any felonious intention in so doing, d begun to clap me in (making a joint first) vhole pages, nine round paragraphs, and a do-nd a half of good thoughts all of a row; and se there was a confounded high gallery,—was cribing it away like a little devil.——Now, Homenas to himself, "though I hold all this fair and square, yet, if I am found out, there e the deuce and all to pay."—*Why are the bells g backwards, you lad?—What is all that crowd , honest man?——Homenas was got upon doc-lark's back, sir.——And what, of that my lad? Why, an please you, he has broke his neck, and red his skull, and befouled himself* into the bar-*by a fall from the pulpit* two stories high. Alas!

poor Homenas !—Homenas has done his business! —Homenas will never preach more while breath is in his body.—No, faith, I shall never again be able to tickle it off as I have done. I may sit up whole winter nights, baking my blood with hectick watchings, and write as solid as a *father* of the church ;—or I may sit down whole summer days, evaporating my spirits into the finest thoughts, and write as florid as a *mother* of it :—In a word, I may compose myself off my legs, and preach till I burst ;—and when I have done, it will be worse than if not done at all. —*Pray, Mr. Such-a-one, who held forth last Sunday?* —*doctor Clark, I trow, says one.—Pray what doctor Clark? says a second.—Why Homenas's doctor Clark, quoth a third.*—O rare Homenas! cried a fourth.—Your *servant*, Mr. Homenas, quoth a *fifth.* —'Twill be all over with me, by Heaven !—I may as well put the book from whence I took it.—Here Homenas burst into a flood of tears, which falling down helter-skelter, ding-dong, without any kind of intermission for six minutes and almost twenty-five seconds, had a marvellous effect upon his discourse ; for the aforesaid tears, do you mind, did so temper the wind that was rising upon the aforesaid discourse, but falling for the most part perpendicularly, and hitting the spirits at right angles, which were mounting horizontally all over the surface of his harangue, they not only played the devil and all with the sublimity,—but moreover the said tears, by their nitrous quality, did so refrigerate, precipitate, and hurry down to the bottom of his soul, all the unsavory particles which lay fermenting (as you saw) in the middle of his conception, that he went on in the

:st and chastest style (for a *soliloquy* I think) that
mortal man uttered.

This is really and truly a very hard case," con-
:d Homenas to himself.—Panurge, by the bye,
all the company in the next room, hearing all
g every syllable he spoke! for you must know,
, notwithstanding Panurge had opened his mouth
ide as he could for his blood, in order to give a
ıd answer to Longinus Rabelaicus's interroga-
, which concluded the last chapter,—yet Home-
s rhetorick had poured in so like a torrent, slap-
ı through the wainscoat amongst them, and hap-
ing, at that *uncritical* crisis, when Panurge had
put his ugly face into the above-said posture of
nce,—that he stopp'd short!—he did indeed;
though his head was full of matter, and he had
wed up every nerve and muscle belonging to it
all cried *crack* again, in order to give a due pro-
ile force to what he was going to let fly full in
ginus Rabelaicus's teeth, who sat over against
,—yet, for all that, he had the continence to con-
himself; for he stopped short, I say, without
ring one word, except z——ds!—Many reasons
r be assigned for this; but the most true, the
ıt strong, the most hydrostatical, and the most
losophical reason, why Panurge did not go on,
,—that the forementioned *torrent* did so *drown* his
:e, that he had none left to go on with.—God
ɔ him, poor fellow! so he stopt short (as I have
you before) and all the time Homenas was speak-
, he said not another word, good nor bad, but
ɔd gaping and staring, like what you please;—so
t the break marked thus, ———, which Home-
's *grief* had made in the middle of his discourse,

which he could no more help than he could
produced no other change in the room wher
ginus Rabelaicus, Epistemon, Gymnast, Tri
and nine or ten more honest blades had got K
pædizing together, but that it gave time to G
to give Panurge a good squashing chuck un
double chin; which Panurge taking in goo
and just as it was meant by Gymnast, he for
shut his mouth,—and gently sitting down
stool, though somewhat eccentrically, and
neighbour's row, but listening, as all the r
with might and main, they plainly and dis
heard every syllable of what you will find re
in the very next chapter.

END OF VOL. III.

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